A DILEMMA

A DILEMMA is a choice between two evils. When you are in a shoe shop you are often in a dilemma. A shoe which is right for width is wrong for length. Another shoe, right for width and length, is wrong for girth. It's not a fit. It's a fix. At any Lotus agency you will be able to obtain your shoe—length right, width right, girth and depth right. Shoe right, and price not wrong.

LOTUS & DELTA

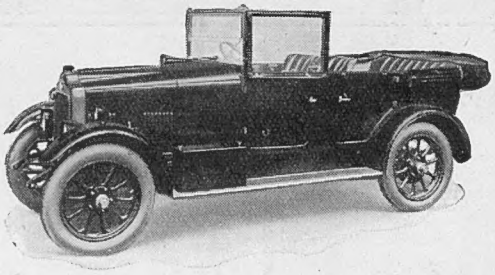
SHOES OF STANDING

For Men and for Women

Prices from 19/9

Many styles for Women and Children have been reduced in price for 1925

LOTUS, LTD., STAFFORD & Northampton — *AGENTS* EVERYWHERE



ECONOMY

A Calcott costs a little more than a "cheap" light car. It costs a little more to make it. The carefully bought and carefully chosen material, the specialised and carefully trained labour are responsible—and quite rightly—for just a little more initial expenditure. But what an economy this really is? Owners inform us—we should like you to see their letters any time you call—that the Calcott returns the fullest value for the price, and one Calcott, at a little more, lives so much longer and gives twice the service with remarkably small upkeep as compared with the "cheap" competitor.

The new Calcott Cars for 1925 have been re-designed, enlarged and improved to a remarkable extent. In power, roominess, comfort and completeness of equipment they stand supreme in their class. 12/24 h.p. Two/Three-Seater, £365. Four-Seater, £375. Four/Five-Seater Saloon, £525. 10/15 h.p. Two-Seater Semi-Coupé, £275. Four-Seater, £275. Dunlop Balloon Tyres standard to all models. Catalogues from CALCOTT BROS., LTD., COVENTRY. *London Agents: Eustace Watkins Ltd., 91, New Bond St., W.1.*

CALCOTT

Established 1886

H.P.

Aching Feet?

Go to—

CHARLES H. BABER

The Pioneer of

Heel-to-Ball Shoes

If you suffer from tired or aching feet this is either because your shoes are a bad fit or because you have something wrong with, or some weakness in, your feet—and most people have. Foot troubles are almost invariably caused by unsuitable or badly-fitting shoes which have been bought from salesmen or saleswomen who have been content just to make a sale and have taken little or no trouble about the fit.

I am the pioneer of the "Heel-to Ball" method of fitting, and my Arch Preserver Shoe has done more to relieve foot troubles than any other shoe. My fitters are fully qualified to examine the feet, to ascertain the cause of foot troubles, and to select a shoe which is not only a perfect fit but which will, in most cases, give wonderful relief.

In styles that express one's individuality—for Town Wear, Country and Golf. Consultations and X-Ray Demonstrations Free.

Charles H. Baber

OPPOSITE THE POLYTECHNIC

304-306, Regent St., W.1

'Phone: Mayfair 5212-3. CHARLES H. BABER LTD.

The original and only Mr. Baber in the Retail Shoe Trade and formerly Managing Director of Babers Ltd. (Jersey) Oxford Street.

Greyness is so unnecessary

WHY remain grey, when greyness means ten or more years added to your apparent age? You can quickly regain an appearance of youthfulness by restoring your hair to its original colour and full beauty of sheen and lustre.

The colour restored by INECTO in 20-30 minutes is in every way indistinguishable from Nature's own handiwork. It is a perfectly natural hair colour, permeating the entire structure—unchanging, unfading, and guaranteed permanent under all conditions.

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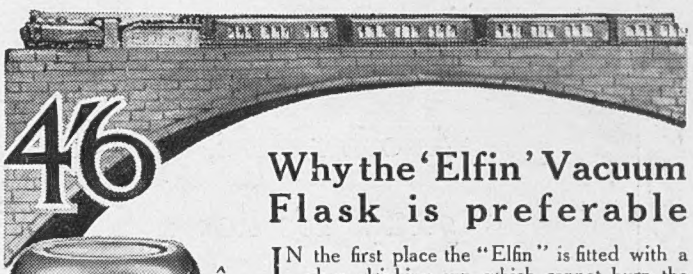
(Near Selfridges).

Telephone: Mayfair 3046 (3 lines).



Why the 'Elfin' Vacuum Flask is preferable

IN the first place the "Elfin" is fitted with a glass drinking cup which cannot burn the fingers or lips, as it is constructed with a double casing of glass with an air space between. In addition the

ELFIN VACUUM FLASK

is made almost entirely of glass, a specially treated untarnishable "diamond hard glass" of exceptional strength. There are no metal parts to unscrew when cleaning the "Elfin," and the fact that it is practically glass throughout, including the drinking cup, prevents all possibility of metallic taste or smell. Liquids put in at boiling point will still be steaming hot after 24 hours.

The 'ELFIN' is the only Vacuum Flask with a glass cup.

Obtainable from all Chemists, Ironmongers, and Stores at 4/6 or 5/3 post free from

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THE ELFIN FLASKS,

25, FINSBURY STREET, LONDON, E.C.2.

Trade enquiries invited.

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KNITTED
SUITS
FOR YOUNG LADIES

Made in wool of super quality, in Fancy Design, with clipped wool collar and cuffs. The suit comprises Coat and Skirt with Jumper to match. Shades: Almond, Ecaille, Dark Fawn, Champagne, Silver, Light Jade, White, Putty, Light Saxe. Sizes suitable for 14 to 18 years.

PRICE, Small Maids
8½ Gns.
Maids, **9 Gns.**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

Sent on approval.

ATTRACTIVE AND INEXPENSIVE CREPE DE CHINE TEA FROCKS

This attractive Tea Frock is adapted from an advanced French Model, for the coming season, and is cut on slender lines. It is made by our own workers from rich quality crêpe de Chine, and the cut and finish are of our usual high standard of excellence.

USEFUL TEA FROCK (as sketch), in rich quality crêpe de Chine, mounted on a net lining. Tunic over dress finished with hem of Silver insertion, belt of own material. In Black and a variety of fashionable shades.

PRICE **79/6**

SMART BLACK SATIN BAR SHOE (as sketch), with insertion of Black "Pointex," Louis Heel, Walking Substance Sole. Price **59/6** per pair.

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

Sent on approval.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

KNITTED CLOTHES
OF PRACTICAL DESIGN FOR LITTLE GIRLS' WEAR

Knitted Coat and Cap, *made from Camel hair and rayon in natural shade, with striped border in two shades of Brown on scarf, collar and cap.*

PRICE COMPLETE

Size 18 inches Price	***29/6***
Size 20 inches Price	***33/6***
Size 22 inches Price	***37/6***
Size 24 inches Price	***42/6***

This model can also be copied in ordinary wool in various shades to order.

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For Present Wear

Distinctive BLOUSE COAT in fancy French material with designs in multi colourings, well shaped with long lapels and fastened linked buttons at waist giving an ultra-smart finish, the whole garment being bound Black braid. In White & beaver grounds.

Unlined **29/6** Lined throughout Jap Silk **37/9**
O.S. **7/6** Extra

DICKINS & JONES LTD.
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HIGH-GRADE FASHIONABLE SHOES

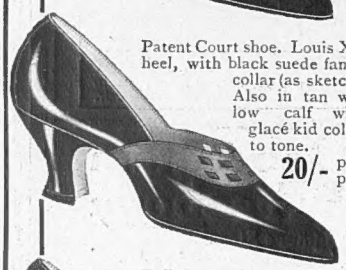
Every Pair Guaranteed.

All one price, 20/- per pair.

THE value of these shoes is quite exceptional. They are made by one of the most famous shoe manufacturers in this country. The shapes, finish and quality of the leather are of such excellence that in appearance they are scarcely distinguishable from the shoes at almost double the price. They are, moreover, sold with our guarantee that they will stand reasonable wear, and should any shoes prove unsatisfactory they will be exchanged for a new pair.

Patent 2-button bar shoe (as sketch), with tan glacé insertion. Louis XV heel.

20/- per pair



Patent Court shoe. Louis XV heel, with black suede fancy collar (as sketch). Also in tan willow calf with glacé kid collar to tone.

20/- per pair

Full brogued tan willow bar shoe, with medium leather heel (as sketch).

20/- per pair

Every pair guaranteed solid leather.

Glacé kid, lace shoe, with patent toe cap and facings, smart military heel and toe. Also in medium toe and heel, suitable for maids and young girls.

20/- per pair

Guaranteed solid leather

Full brogue buckle bar shoe. In brown willow calf, low square leather heel.

20/- per pair

Every pair guaranteed solid leather.

Tan Willow one-bar shoe ⅜ crepe rubber sole, and heel. Also in white.

20/- per pair

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W.1

A King's Quair

Glimpses of the forthcoming biography of King Edward VII as gathered from *SIR SIDNEY LEE*, with personal and historical lights and some notable portraits.

This article has been specially prepared for and is exclusive to THE GRAPHIC.

An Important Broadcasting Development

A particularly interesting drawing by *G. H. DAVIS*, of the New High Power Station of the B.B.C. near Daventry.

The Making of a Guardsman

An account with pictures of a wonderful training.

Queer Things One Finds in Books

Some entertaining anecdotes by *ARTHUR MACHEN.*

The Night Club Evil in the West End of London 100 Years Ago

Some pictures of the time which show that there was even in 1825 a strong desire to make a "brighter" London.

The Coming of Spring

An attractive article by *LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.*

Some Secrets of Heredity

By *DAME HELEN GWYNNE VAUGHAN.*

These seven items are a selection from the current issue of THE GRAPHIC. In every issue of THE GRAPHIC throughout the year you will find something that to you is of particular interest. Your newsagent will be pleased to add your name to his list of customers. Send him an order to-day.

The

GRAPHIC

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Only selected Seville Oranges and Refined Sugar, but so skilfully blended as to preserve the valuable tonic properties of the fruit. "Your Olde English Marmalade . . . makes breakfast worth while," writes a user.

Reduced Prices, 1 lb. 8½d., 2 lbs. 1/3½

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Not a substitute for fresh coffee, but the simplest means of procuring THE IDEAL CUP OF COFFEE. A user writes ". . . Your Coffee Essence is far the best I have ever tasted, and I shall require two bottles per week. . . ."

All Chivers' preparations are of guaranteed purity, and are made in the fresh air of the country under ideal hygienic conditions.

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THE 'TEWKESBURY' DINING ROOM SUITE in Good Figured Oak.

SIDEBOARD, 5 ft.

DINING TABLE Draw-Out, 3 ft. x 5 ft.

CHAIRS, 4 Small and 1 Carving Chair

COMPLETE £30

SIDEBOARD, 5 ft. £13 10 0

SET OF CHAIRS 4 &1 £10 15 0

DRAW-OUT TABLE, 3 ft. x 5 ft. £6 7 6

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BATTLE FOR INFANT LIFE

is to find means of prevention and cure to reduce this appalling death-roll. In the forepart of the Battle stands

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL

a recognised Centre of Research, Teaching and Treatment, the largest of its kind in the Empire. But it is burdened with debt and cannot fulfil its national mission without generous support.

An urgent appeal is made for contributions in money and service. Full particulars, and a booklet, "Many Ways of Helping in the Battle," will gladly be sent on request.

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President: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES.
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NEW HATS FOR EARLY SPRING WEAR

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TAILORED SPORTS SHIRT JUMPERS

Perfectly cut and tailored, and made by our own workers from good quality crêpe de Chine, which we can recommend with every confidence to give entire satisfaction in wear.

SPORTS JUMPER (as sketch), in Celes crêpe de Chine, perfectly tailored and trimmed with pearl buttons, plain straight back with slight fullness on hips, an attractive and becoming design. In Almond, Beige, Tan, Saxe and Ivory. In sizes 13 to 14½ ins.

PRICE **63/-**

In size 15, **2/-** extra.

Sent on approval.

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Catalogue post free.

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Twice Daily at 2.30 and 7.45.
"SUMURÛN," the wordless play in seven scenes from "Tales of the Arabian Nights"; LAYTON & JOHNSTONE; ELLIS JEFFREYS & CO.; IRIS DELYSIA and STROGANOFF; BERT HUGHES & CO.; SALERNO, Etc.

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HARRY WELCHMAN. HELEN GILLILAND.

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ALFRED LESTER. Blaney and Farrar. Sonnie Hale.
"The Best Revue in London."—*Daily Express.*
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LILIAN DAVIES. GENE GERRARD. IVY TRESMAND.

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MATHESON LANG. Mary Glynne. Dennis Neilson Terry. (3 Weeks only).

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9th New Programme. "Their best yet."—*Evening News.*
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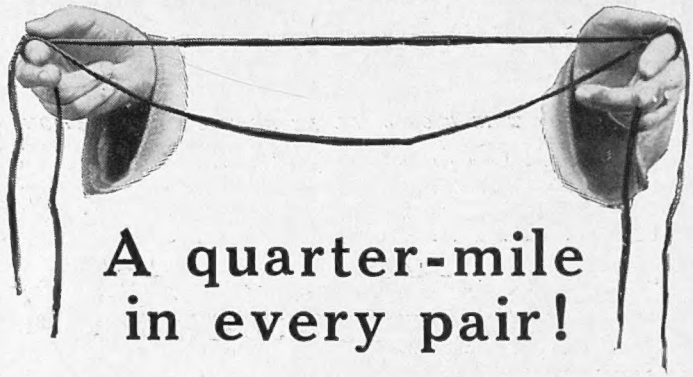

A quarter-mile in every pair!

THE essentials of a boot or shoe lace are strength, wearing quality, tags, appearance; and let it be said at once that a really good lace cannot be made and sold for a penny or twopence per pair.

A single pair of Paton's "33" Boot Laces contain over a quarter-of-a-mile of the highest grade thread. The raw cotton alone required to make them costs more than you pay for a pair of cheap laces. But the "33" Lace will outwear several cheap laces and easily last the lifetime of a good pair of shoes. The strain in boots is, of course, much greater, but here again the superiority in wear is not less obvious.

With tags fitted by a patent process and guaranteed not to come off, and a smartness of colour which is permanent, Paton's No. 33 Lace will give you the all-round satisfaction you expect from such a high-grade product. It is unquestionably the finest lace made for business and every-day wear.

Paton's "33" Lace *is made in Ladies' Boot, Gents' Boot, Tubular Shoe, Flat Shoe shapes, in two shades, black and tan, and*
sold everywhere at 4d. per pair
In case you have difficulty in obtaining write direct to the Mills enclosing 4d., 8d., or 1/- for one, two or three pairs as desired. State colour required and whether for boots or shoes.

PATON'S "33" LACES
See the band —on every pair
WILLIAM PATON LIMITED,
Johnstone Mills, Johnstone, Scotland.

BURBERRYS SALE
LAST DAYS
Weatherproofs, Overcoats, Suits & Gowns, reduced in price to a little above or
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Full List of Bargains Post Free
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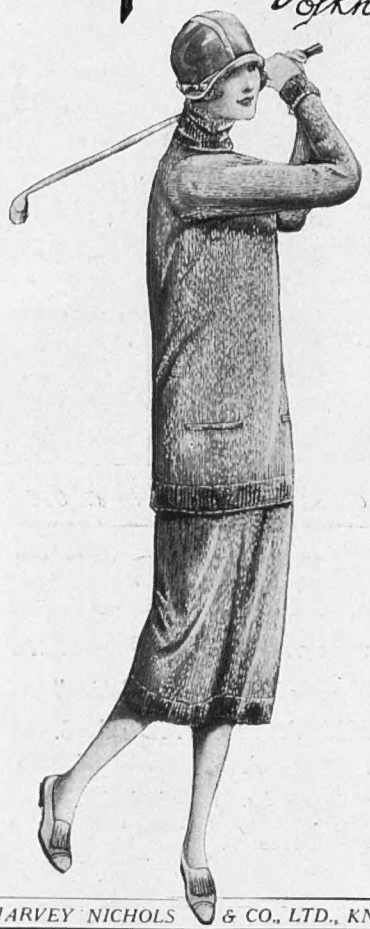


NEW SWEATER SUIT

FOR SPRING WEAR

Knitted Suit (as sketch) made from super quality wool and silk mixture yarn, with the high neck, which is a very popular feature for Spring wear. In a wide range of colours. Practical and becoming suit for sports or country wear.

PRICE 84/-

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

THE SECRET OF SLENDERNESS

THE NEW CORSLO "PLASTIQUE"

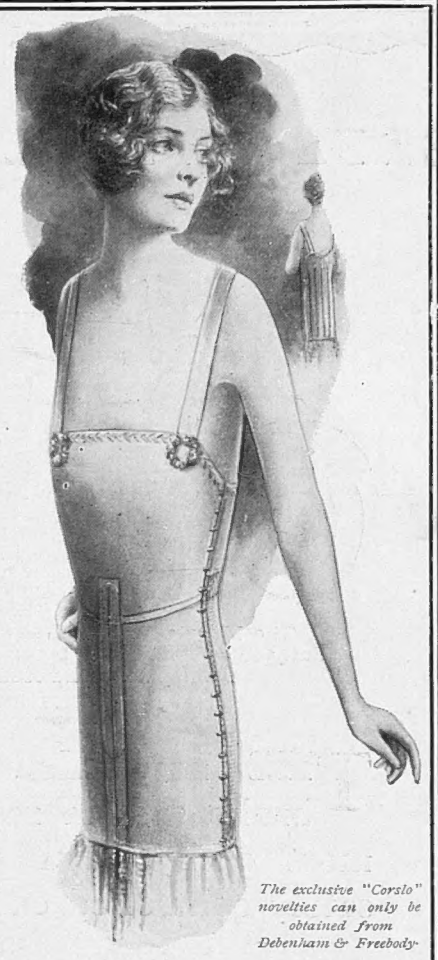
FOR MEDIUM AND FULL FIGURES

The "Corslo Plastique" is obviously the first necessity of the new season's Outfit for the woman who wishes to achieve slenderness and smartness, and it will undoubtedly help to beautify every type of Figure, and to give the correctness of line to all kinds of Clothes, from Sports Suits to Dance Frocks. A closed and cleverly Boned back to secure the absolutely straight unbroken lines which are demanded by the new fashion, inset and graduated side-pieces of elastic to give suppleness of silhouette and movement, covered hooks and eyes down the left side make the fastening easy and unobtrusive, and an all-round series of Suspenders hold the fabric in position so that it is literally moulded to the figure, are the special features of this "Corslo Plastique." It combines bust bodice, corset and hip belt, in one supremely comfortable and "Slimming Garment" which can be worn and washed too, like ordinary underclothes, as all the bones can be easily removed and replaced.

THE "CORSLO PLASTIQUE." In Cotton Tricot, closed at back, hooking under arm, with panels of elastic at side, wide supporting steel in front, and firmly boned at back, washable. Measurement: bust, waist and hips.

PRICE **73/6**

In best quality satin or silk tricot, **6 Gns.**



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"MABEL"

ATTRACTIVE THE DANSANT FROCK, in good quality silk georgette, depicting the new silhouette, with the box pleated tunic and self underskirt, which is lined throughout Japanese silk to tone. In all the newest shades and Black.

SPECIAL PRICE

£5 19 6

Outsize **21/-** extra.

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LONDON W1

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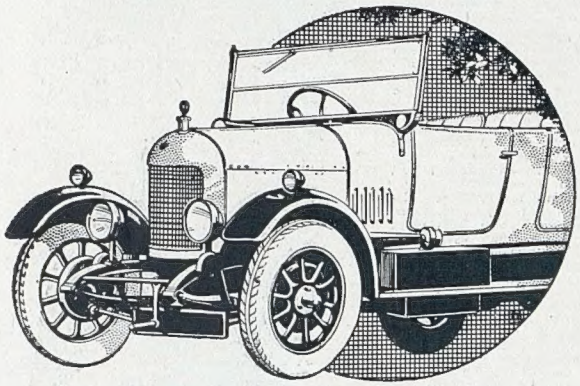
SAFE 4-WHEEL BRAKES



The Morris-Oxford Four-Seater £285.
Fully Equipped, Fully Insured for one year,
Dunlop Cord Balloon Tyres.

THE new Morris 4-wheel brake system makes it the most easily, comfortably and safely controlled car.

No effort and no groping for the hand brake is required to bring the Morris Car in absolute steadiness and safety to an immediate stop.

As the braking stresses are nearly equally divided between the front and rear axles, a far longer life is assured, not only to the brake mechanism itself, but to every portion of the car.

buy British-and be Proud of it.

MORRIS
Cars

MORRIS MOTORS, LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD.

E.H./W.A.2

Live Well—at a GORDON Hotel

HOTEL METROPOLE

Northumberland Avenue, LONDON, W.C.2

Home of the World-famous "Midnight Follies."
RESTAURANT DES AMBASSADEURS.
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Cuisine and Service of the highest order. Right in the Heart of London. An ideal centre for business men and families. Running water in rooms.

THE GORDON HOTELS LTD. *Managing Director: FRANCIS TOWLE.*

Get the Sanitas health habit

Does it mean flu?

Let us hope it's only a passing disturbance. But no man ought to let himself run the risk of 'flu. It isn't fair to his own health, and it isn't fair to all the people who can catch it from him. The finest preventative in the world is a tablespoonful of Sanitas Fluid in half a tumbler of water as a gargle every morning and evening. Could anything be easier? Certainly nothing could be more effective.

And if it *does* mean 'flu, shake it off—don't pass it on. The same prescription holds good—gargle Sanitas Fluid night and morning.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

SANITAS FLUID

San 169a—96

THE "SANITAS" CO. LTD. LIMEHOUSE, LONDON, E.

The Bystander, February 18, 1925

No. 1107. Vol. LXXXV.

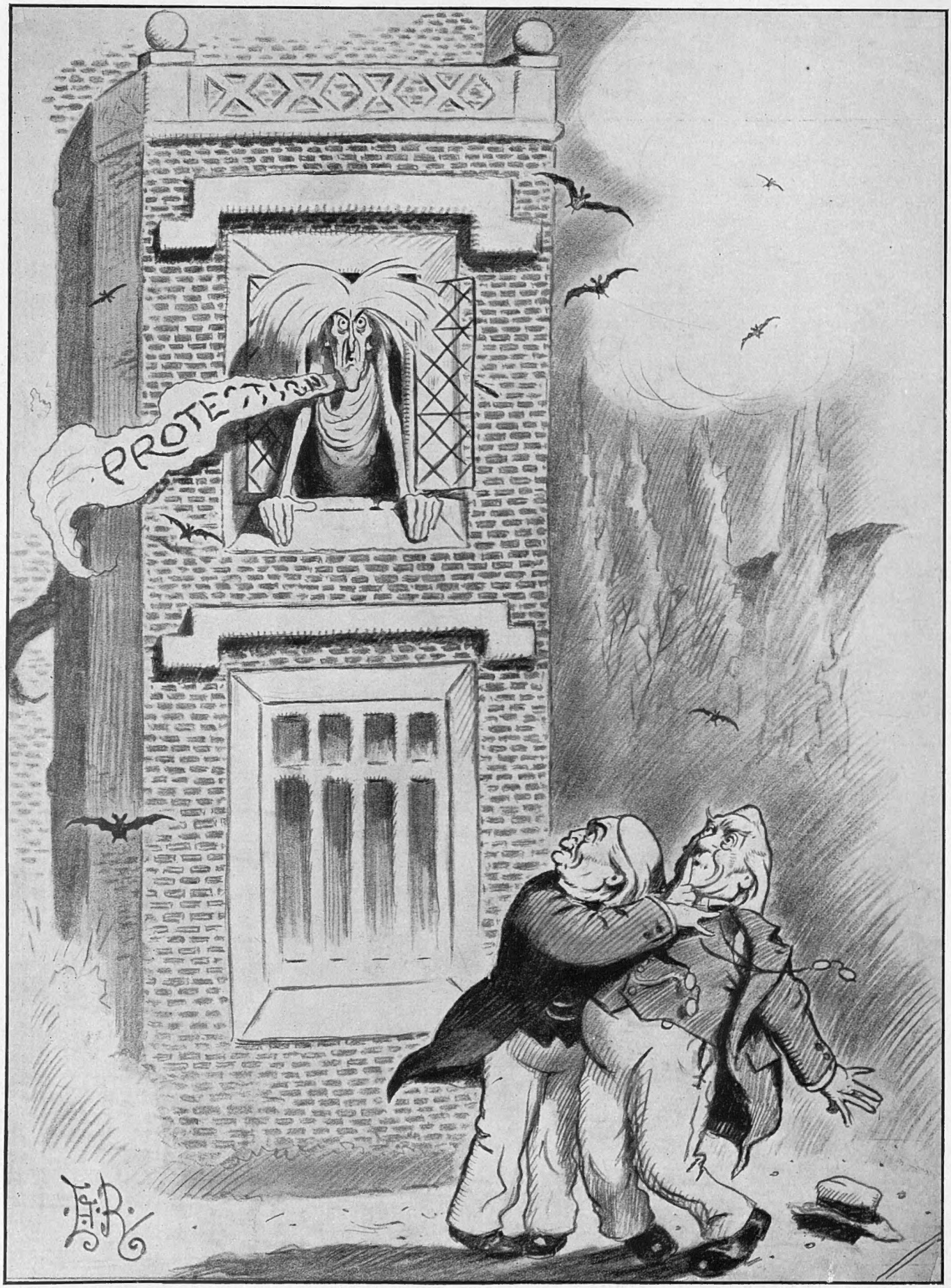
The BYSTANDER

Bassano

MISS EDITH LOWTHER

A charming studio portrait of the elder daughter of the late Sir Gerard Lowther, who was our Ambassador at Constantinople in 1913. Miss Lowther is a niece of Lord Ullswater

The Bogey Man!



BY E. T. REED

DAVID *(having a look round Chequers at midnight)*: "O-oh, l-l-look, my dear O-osquith and Axford! L-look at it! W-what did we say at the A-albert Hall in 1925! O-only w-w-waiting its chance to c-come out!"

'ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE'

Wembley Carlo

SOME weeks ago I suggested that Monte Carlo should be brought to Wembley. I pointed out with what ease the joyous atmosphere of the Côte d'Azur could be transferred, with the aid of artificial sunlight (by permission of Basil Dean), and a couple of palm trees. Such was my suggestion, and now, Sir Francis Towle, who has made the Gordon Hotels what they are to-day, announces that the thing is to be done. Naturally, I am wondering whether Sir Francis is acting upon my suggestion, or whether it is just a case of two great minds thinking alike.

The Continental System

"THE methods which have been so successful at Monte Carlo will be adopted," says Sir Francis, "and the Cannes outdoor atmosphere will be brought to London." I'm delighted to hear it! I don't care a brass farthing who thought of it first, and I'm quite sure that if Sir Francis owes anything to my suggestion he'll make me free of this particular Paradise during the long and beautiful summer that is owing to us. If the innovation is a success, it may result in the Continental café system being widely adopted in this country, a thing that I have been advocating for more years than I care to remember. Open-air cafés that could be made quickly weather-proof in case of rain would solve the drink problem in this country. I shall watch the Wembley experiment with interest.

The Boy Who Cried for His Mother

A FRENCH steamer approaching Jersey from a port at which bubonic plague was raging has just been ordered away from the quay, which reminds me! Some years ago, a boy on a small tramp steamer fell ill in mid-ocean and began to cry for his mother. The captain and the mate took turns to rub him with whisky — their panacea for all ills — and brought him alive to a certain distant island which shall be nameless. When the doctor came on board, he looked at the patient and fled, for the boy had cried for his mother because he had small-pox! An hour later, the captain received instructions to sail immediately, all communication with the island being forbidden.

'THE CANNES OUTDOOR ATMOSPHERE WILL BE BROUGHT TO LONDON

Two Heroes

DID he go? He landed on the island and asked for the British Governor, who was holding a garden-party. To the garden-party went the skipper, and there, surrounded by his guests, the Governor was told all about everything, in such terms as occurred to the teller in the heat of the moment. With the result that the boy, stripped to the buff and wrapped only in the captain's coat, was carried by the captain and the mate to the local isolation hospital, after which that ship sailed away into the blue to be no more seen for a space of three years or so. Returning to England, the captain found awaiting him a large parcel containing his coat and a letter from the mother of the boy, who is now sailing the seas with a ship of his own. "And," concluded the mate, who told me the story, "you *should* have seen the skipper's face when they told him it was small-pox!"

'THE GOVERNOR WAS TOLD ALL ABOUT EVERYTHING

An Autocratic Brotherhood

A FEW days ago, in the course of my pilgrimage through this world of troubles and taxes, I came to a small town and called for luncheon at the solitary inn. Opposite me, at the table, sat a rather distinguished individual whose face wore an expression of settled melancholy. He addressed me as "Mr. Vice," and I gathered that he was the last of the old

IT WAS VERY RARE TO MEET A MAN WHO COULD CARVE A JOINT

'THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN'

'MY LETTER-BOX BECAME CHOKED WITH THEIR PLAUSIBLE AND OFFENSIVE COMMUNICATIONS'

order of commercial travellers—that autocratic brotherhood of the road which made the etiquette of the commercial room a thing to be remembered and feared by the younger and more casual members of the fraternity. As the girl placed his chop before him, he shivered slightly, and in his voice I caught the faint echo of old romantic things and battles long ago.

A Knight of the Road

He told me over the port—brought to us in two small glasses—that the ancient glories of the commercial room had departed, never, he feared, to return. He did not blame the landlords of the commercial hotels so much as those post-war travellers who had lately taken to the road. It was very rare to meet a man who could carve a joint,

"BUSINESS FIRST—PLEASURE AFTERWARDS!" By Blam

and it was, therefore, not surprising that mine host declined to permit the said joint to be maltreated by such amateurs of the board. The old formalities—those gracious invitations to a second helping and the passing of the bottle—were no more, and strangers—here he looked at me—were allowed to join the sacred circle without so much as a "by your leave." All of which I found very sad and not a little depressing, though I am bound to say that under the mellowing influence of the bottle that I incontinently ordered in expiation of my offence, we became as brothers.

Plausible and Offensive

What is the reason for the present plague of money-lenders? For some years I averaged about one circular a year, and then, for no apparent reason, my letter-box became choked with their plausible and offensive communications. One suggestion is that the big banks have ceased to accommodate the farmer or tradesman who wishes to raise the wind on the strength of his crops or his stock, but as I cannot claim to be either of these, I don't quite know where I come in. One thing is certain: the names are *not* taken from the directories, for a young war widow of my acquaintance who has lately been pestered by these harpies, has never had her name in any sort of directory.

In Matters of Commerce——

This money-lending campaign becomes really funny when the good Samaritans begin to throw mud at each other. A few years ago there were two bulb firms in Holland, each of whom spent a lot of money in a desperate attempt to prove that the other was no better than he ought to be. As a matter of fact, one of them did fail to send me a thousand daffodil bulbs for which I sent money in advance, but as each firm had the same name, I never knew which of them was to blame. And it was no particular satisfaction to me to be told that one of them was a disgrace to the name they both bore. I feel rather like that about money-lenders.

Nothing New

The discovery of an old Roman cross-word puzzle in a museum at Cirencester (*not* Cisiter) proves once again that there is nothing new under the sun. If you have read Edgar Allan Poe's *The Gold-Bug* (Woolworth—Sixpence) you will realise that he, like Julius Cæsar, also anticipated a somewhat similar enigma, and if you read his story carefully you will pick up all sorts of useful tips. Thus, in the construction of your cross-word puzzle, you will select words in which the letter *e* predominates and afterwards, in succession *a, o, i, d, h, n, r, s, t, u, y, c, f, g, l, m, w, b, k, p, q, x, z.* The rest, of course, is quite easy.

Those Green Hats

From my morning paper I gather that the black hat which has ruled so long in Paris is to vanish, and red, mauve, blue and green, "particularly the latter colour," will be the prevailing shades. Is this the result of Michael Arlen's success with his novel, *The Green Hat*? Which reminds me that this author and Oscar Asche were sitting next to each other at a recent dinner, a juxtaposition which prompted the following "Tabloid Tragedy":

Oscar sat
On the Green Hat
And that is that!

A Savoury Suggestion

While the theatres are still arguing whether publicity by broadcasting is as broad as it is long, their rivals the cabarets, appear to have no objections to the use of the wireless where their shows are concerned. The Midnight Follies were early on the scene, and recently the "Chez Fysher" cabaret at Oddenino's added to the programme of 2 L.O. Of course, you may argue that the cabarets have less to lose than the theatres, because if you don't like their musical fare, there still remains the other sort—not to mention the dancing. On the other hand, such an entertainment as "Oddy's" cabaret must have lost a lot in the broadcasting. Nilson Fysher's back-chat and "my friend Gaudot's" asides in broken English rely a good deal on personality and proximity, and I shudder to think what Wigan and Little Puddelton made of Hélène Chappy's piquant songs of Montmartre. Perhaps one of these days we shall have a method of broadcasting the appetising odours of the cuisine. Then it will be the restaurant's chance.

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

DOG-CRAFT AT CRUFT'S

Among the eight thousand odd entries for Cruft's Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, the Alsatians were conspicuous with a muster of 713. This breed will presently have to share distinctions with the Afghan Hound, for whom prophets predict a brilliant future. The Afghan is a prince of hounds, combining as he does beauty with wonderful brain-power and possessing a constitution which faces extremes of cold and heat with perfect Oriental composure

WHO WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A New Political Hostess

THE night before the re-assembling of Parliament brought us a new political hostess, Lady Evelyn Guinness, the wife of Lord Iveagh's third son, the Hon. Walter Guinness, who is in Mr. Baldwin's Ministry.

They have two houses in Grosvenor Place, Nos. 10 and 11, knocked into one. The two houses create an ideal *milieu* for entertaining on the grand scale, because all the principal rooms are double the size of the rooms in the Grosvenor Place houses, and you know how big they are.

A dinner-party of seventy people came before the reception. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin stood at the head of the staircase with Lady Evelyn to receive the guests. All the ladies were bejewelled and be-tiarad, and there was scarcely a man without Orders. Lady Evelyn made a brilliant *début* as a political hostess. Everything was perfectly done, and a new note was struck by the supper tables being lighted by wax candles in pewter candlesticks.

A Well-Housed Family

THE Guinness family seem to have a particular liking for Grosvenor Place. The Earl of Iveagh, the head of the family has the big corner house, No. 5; Lady Evelyn and Mr. Walter Guinness are at Nos. 10 and 11. Another brother, the Hon. Arthur Guinness, is at No. 17. Lord Iveagh's heir, Viscount Elveden, has his town house in St. James's Square.

Two of Lord Iveagh's three sons have two country houses as well as a town house. Lord Elveden has Pyrford Court, near Woking, and a house at Southend; Mr. Walter Guinness has Knockmaroon, in County Dublin, and the Manor House, Bury St. Edmunds. The second son, Mr. Arthur Guinness, contents himself with one country house, Glenmaroon, also in County Dublin.

Lord Iveagh, who has only gone as far as Algeciras and not to Australia as was reported, has princely Elveden in Norfolk with its white marble hall, where the King stays for shooting every year, as well as two places in Ireland.

HELPING THE HOSPITAL

Princess Mary at the West London Hospital at Hammersmith last week, when the new extension paying wing was opened. Our photograph shows the Dowager Lady Ilchester presenting Princess Mary, on behalf of the Ladies' Association, with a cheque (enclosed in a minature hospital bed), for the endowment of a "Princess Mary" bed in the new Hull Martin ward

New Tenants for Crichel

ALL sorts of remembrances are called up by the announcement that Lord Alington has let Crichel to Mr. and Mrs. Axel de Wichfeld. The first is the famous "White Farm," made by Lord Alington's mother, who was born Lady Feodorowna Yorke. Every creature on the farm was white, from the hens and doves to the cart-horses. King Edward was a frequent visitor. The parties at Crichel were out-standing in the Edwardian time of country-house entertaining.

An aunt of Lord Alington is Lady Meux, who married first, Lord Chelsea, the late Lord Cadogan's eldest son, and secondly, the popular Sir Hedworth Lambton, Lord Durham's sailor brother, who took the name of Meux when Lady Meux left him Theobald's Park and a fortune. Another aunt was Lady Hardinge of Penshurst, whose memory is still cherished in India. With Lady Dufferin, the wife of the first Marquis of Dufferin, she has a place in Indian affection which no other wives of Viceroys have reached.

Mrs. de Wichfeld, the new

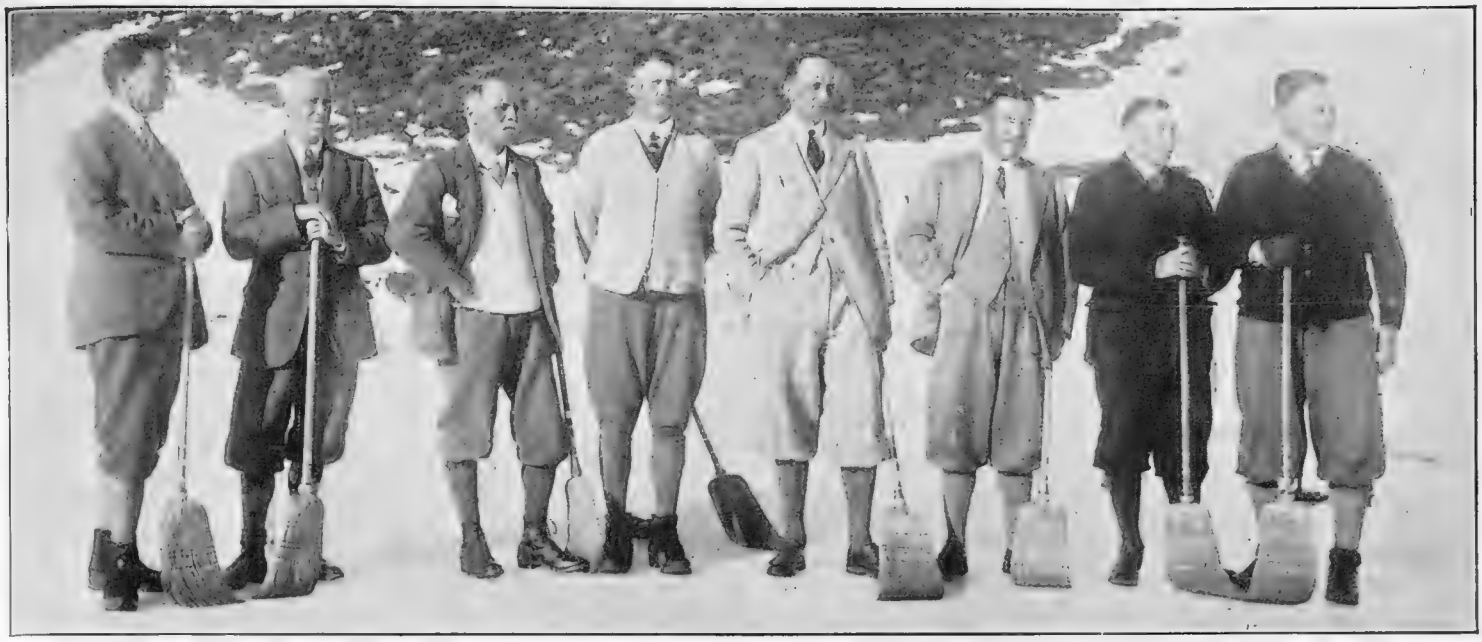
VISIBILITY GOOD

Sir Robert Horne (left), the Viceroy Lord Reading, and Lord Rawlinson (Commander-in-Chief), watching the artillery demonstration in connection with the recent Delhi manœuvres

Central News

"WITH APOLOGIES TO BILL SHAKESPEARE AND DICKY WAGNER"

A scene from "Hullo 'Hengrin" (or "The Bogus Opera"), an amusing and clever burlesque staged by the "No-Trumpers" Amateur Dramatic Society, in aid of various charities, at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art last week. The "No-Trumpers" included a number of members of the Stock Exchange Dramatic Society (always ready for a gamble), whose singing and (con)tango dancing was well above par. The photograph shows, right to left: Hamlet (John Cohen), The Man from Cook's (Bernard Isaac), Portia (Pauline Morland), Brunnhilde (Gladys Lisser), Carmen (Joan Dunsford), Elsa (Nannie Kelham), Tannhauser (Leonard Blackett), and, at the back, Shylock (Stanley Morland), and Faust (Vivian Hart). The amusing stories told by these characters in their modern mode, were well up to Stock Exchange standard



Sport and General

CURLING—IN THESE SHINGLED TIMES

A combined group of curlers representing Sweden and Scotland in a match won by Sweden at St. Moritz. Names: Messrs. Eric Akerlund (President of the Swedish Curling Association), H. Burman, J. E. Rowson, and Sydney Galtrey—the Swedish team; Messrs. A. McClymont, A. Webster, T. Hogg, and J. Campbell representing Scotland

châtelaine of Crichel, is an American, the daughter of a Chicago millionaire, and the widow of Mr. Clarence Moore, who was drowned in the *Titanic* disaster. Her second husband is a Dane. For some time past they have rented Blair Castle from the Duke of Atholl.

Sport for Blind Boys

I HAVE been so stirred by a letter I have had from Mr. Guy Nickalls of Farnham Royal, Bucks, that I think what he tells me will stir you just as much as it did me. He says that Worcester College for the Blind is the only college for the higher education of blind boys in the country. It is run on public school lines. Sport is given every encouragement, but rowing is one of the few active sports the blind can take part in. The boys at Worcester College are remarkably proficient in rowing, considering their tragic handicap.

But most of the boys can't swim. This makes rowing dangerous. There is no swimming bath at the Worcester College. The boys want to learn to swim. To make a bath will cost £1,000—a sum utterly beyond the resources of the College. So Mr. Nickalls asks me to appeal to you for any help you can give. If they don't get the swimming bath, the blind boys will have to give up their rowing—the risk is too serious if they don't know how to swim. You have the address, Mr. Guy Nickalls, Farnham Royal, Bucks. Partners, I leave it to you.

CHURCH PARADE *G. P. U.*

Mr. M. B. Rusden and his bride, Helen, elder daughter of Sir Emsley and Lady Carr, leaving St. Martin-in-the-Fields after their marriage

Sport and General

A POPULAR PAIR

Mr. Randolph Lycett, the international lawn tennis player, with his bride, Miss Joan Austin, leaving the Prince's Row registry office after their wedding

Walter Barnett

TWO—AND ONE TO GO

Mr. Nicholas Kendall, of Pelyn, Cornwall, and his bride, Frances, only daughter of the late Major Paull and Mrs. Paull of Goonvrea, Cornwall, after their wedding. The train-bearer, who, we hope, did not outstay his welcome, is Master Guy Asher, the bride's cousin

A Vital Entry

THE succession to the dukedom of Somerset seems to depend entirely on whether the claimant can prove that an ancestor married a widow. If, as it is stated, the lady's first husband was alive at the time of the marriage, the claimant will have no standing, and the duchy will pass to the Marquis of Hertford who is descended from the fourth Duke.

In the meantime registers are being carefully searched for the all-important entry which will decide the succession.

If the dukedom goes to Lord Hertford it will make an agreeable change in his life. For some time past he has lived in a cottage at Portreath in Cornwall. Once the Hertfords were immensely rich, but everything outside what was strictly

Central Press

"TO HORSE, TO HORSE!"

The Hon. H. R. Grosvenor all ready for the fray—apart from the horse—photographed with his mother, Lady Stalbridge, at the New College and Magdalen Grind at Bletchington. He took part in two of the events

entailed was left by the picture-collecting Marquis to Sir Richard Wallace, of Hertford House in Manchester Square, which holds the Wallace collections—these were all Hertford possessions once—was the Hertford town house. Thackeray pilloried its then owner in *Vanity Fair* as the Marquis of Steyne, and made the scene of Rawdon Crawley's arrest for debt outside Hertford House as he was leaving after a party. A part of the old Hertford fortune was left by Sir Richard Wallace to Lady Sackville. You will remember the famous lawsuit.

Skirt-Dancer

LORD HERTFORD was much more in the public eye as Lord Yarmouth—the title he bore before his succession—than he has been since he became Marquis. In those days he used to dance, as what I think they used to call on the music-hall a "female impersonator." But he danced exclusively for charity or amateur entertainments, and almost rivalled Loie Fuller with his skirt dances.

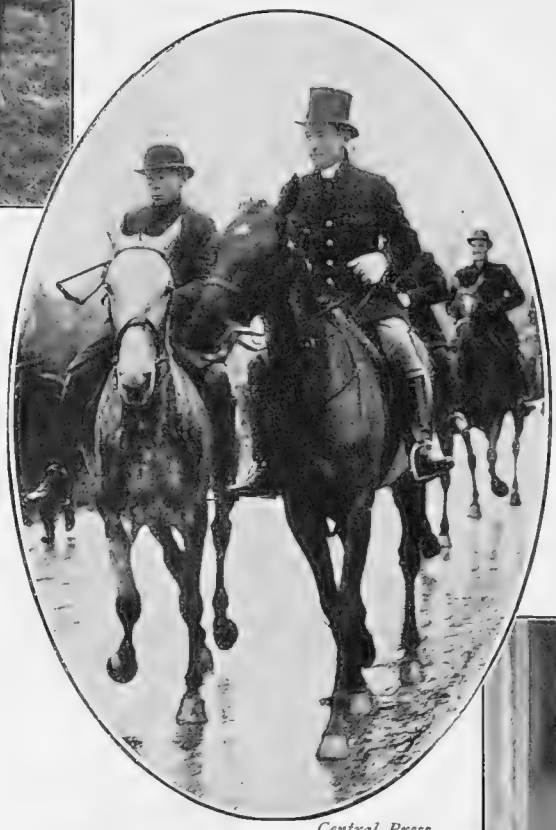
Without Reserve

WHEN the Duke and Duchess of York were starting for Nairobi your Bystander told you they would shoot "in one of the biggest game preserves in the world—the Masai reserve which was created to prevent the extinction of wild animals by indiscriminate hunting." I said further, that a big fee had to be paid for a license to shoot in the reserve and "in return for that the number of lions, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, buck, deer, etc., which can be shot is strictly limited."

Your Bystander has never been in any of the Africas, and all this information was given him by a tanned, big-game hunter whom he met at dinner. This big-game hunter, who was so like an Etehl M. Dell hero that you believed every word he uttered, further said, that "but for the Masai reserve and the restrictions imposed there would be very little big game in Kenya Colony to-day."

All this I faithfully recorded to you as it was told to me. But I have been misinformed—nice, civil word that. A kindly correspondent in Nairobi writes, "The Masai reserve is not a game preserve, but a reserve for the tribe of that name, and anyone can shoot there on payment of the ordinary licence fees. Also, there are no deer in this colony, nor, I believe, in any part of Africa."

So if any of you should meet a sunbitten man who looks as if he had dragged dozens of lionesses



Central Press

"THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY"—

But—unlike frost—it cannot stop the hunting. Some of the field of the Crawley and Horsham are seen above braving the elements at a meet recently held at Arundel. The young Duke of Norfolk is seen on the left of the photograph

from their dens by their tails, and countless heroines by the hair of their heads over drawing-room floors, don't believe a word he says about the Masai reserve. Personally, I am very grateful to my correspondent for his trouble in correcting my mistaken belief in that big game hunter.

Concerning Eyebrows

A MEMBER of the Trying Order of Tiresome Aunts had been holding forth to a married niece on the necessity of teaching children, especially girls, to brush their eyebrows when they brushed their hair. She said brushing made eyebrows grow strong and silky.

That evening when the niece went to dress for dinner she found a paper on her pincushion, and on it, in the large round hand of her ten-year-old daughter, these lines—

> Brushing eyebrows you will find
> Will give you great content of mind.
> 'Cos when you get bald
> They'll join behind,
> So, brush your eyebrows.

A pretty wit in a Miss Ten-Year-Old, don't you think?

Another Property Sale

LORD HOWARD OF GLOSSOP, who succeeded his father last year, has sold the Derbyshire property round about Glossop and the Scottish property, Dorlin, in Inverness-shire, which he inherited. Lord Glossop is in an unusual position. He is married to the Baroness Beaumont in her own right. In the course of time Carlton Towers, the big Beaumont place in Yorkshire, will come to his son. Three estates with their various taxations, upkeep, and endless outgoings are not a kindly heritage in these days. So doubtless the father thinks it better to have the value of the Glossop properties in hard cash, leaving only the Beaumont estate for the future Lord Howard of Glossop and Beaumont to worry about.

Ballroom Burlesque

MODERN ballroom dancing, if well done, is, I suppose, a lot more graceful than the polkas and barn dances of former days. But, if badly done, it lends itself admirably to burlesque. Some time ago this was cleverly exploited by a pair of exhibition dancers at Ciro's; since then I have seen nothing so clever in that line as the parody work of two amusing dancers now at the Café de Paris, and described on the programme, *tout court*, as "Les G. and R. Zenga." They give each dance its recognisable characteristics, and at the same time convey very cleverly a comic meaning. Has it ever struck you,

A BRIDE-TO-BE *[W. A. Rouch*

Miss Eileen Emmet, the daughter of Major and Mrs. Robert Emmet of Moreton Paddox, Warwick. Her engagement to Major Alistair Campbell was announced recently

for instance, that the tango is like a man out walking, who every now and then has suddenly to change his direction in order to avoid a "creditor"? Expressed by these dancers with their grotesque sense of comedy, it isn't nearly as far-fetched as it sounds. Among those enjoying a very delightful evening at the cheerful Café de Paris the other night, I noticed Lord and Lady Chesham, Lady Ancaster, Lord Pembroke, Lord Spencer Churchill, Lord Victor Paget, and Sir Eric Hambro.

The Sins of the Fathers

MR. ARTHUR LAMBTON has achieved distinction—of a kind. So far as my personal recollection goes no child has written in a published book of a parent as he has written about his father, in *My Story* (Hurst and Blackett).

Mr. Lambton's position, and that of his brother and sister, was cruel, tragically cruel. Their father, General Arthur Lambton, who served in the Crimea and the Soudan, and at one time commanded the Coldstreams, to the end of his life posed as a bachelor, although he had married their mother after the three children were born.

General Lambton was a brother of the first Earl of Durham, and so great-uncle to the present peer. Mr. Arthur Lambton made the discovery of his illegitimacy before his father's death. His especial point in this book is his father's will which left everything to the mother. If the conversations between father and son as recorded by Mr. Lambton are correct, the General, greatly as he had sinned against his elder son, could scarcely be expected to hold him in special regard.

Mr. Lambton's bitterness is understandable. In Scotland and in France the later marriage of his mother and father would have legitimatised himself, his brother, and his sister. Because of his own difficult position he has worked unceasingly until he succeeded in getting the Legitimacy Bill passed.

Well, the Bill having been passed, where is the point of this book, with its bitterness and complaining against the dead? I may be hopelessly old-fashioned, but according to the old code, a son, whether legitimate or illegitimate, wouldn't publish to the world the story of his father's *liaison* with an actress. As I have said, I understand Mr. Arthur Lambton's bitterness, but on the other hand I know—let me count—five people (and there are others, too) who are illegitimate children of great houses. But not one of them has written a book on their father's misdoings, a book, too, that gives a list of the people who have sent cheques to the writer. How tiresome it must be when you have been moved to send a cheque to help a hard case, to find your name set out in a list of benefactors.

THE SELECTION COMMITTEE *Alfieri*

A discussion on matters of racing moment in progress by the rails at the Chelmsford steeplechases. The photograph shows: Mrs. De Winton (left), Lady Furnival, Mrs. Prioleau and the Hon. T. Frankland

A RACING OCCASION *Alfieri*

Miss Barbara and Miss Betty Locke "viewing the landscape o'er" in the paddock at the Chelmsford 'Chases. The meeting, which was blessed with ideal weather, experienced a regular glut of close finishes

A DERBY DUO— *Alfieri*

Mrs. Miles Thompson and Air-Commodore C. R. Samson at the Derby races which the rain did its all-too successful best to spoil

—AND ANOTHER *British Idus.*

Colonel and Mrs. Little photographed between the races—and the showers—at Derby. The going was very sticky, which accounted for many favourites "coming unstuck!"

The Riviera Week by Week

By J. GALBRAITH HORN

THE WALK-A-DAY WORLD

Sir Edward and Lady Naylor-Leyland in the grounds of the Cannes Lawn Tennis Club

MONTE CARLO

FROM every quarter come invitations to reproductions of ancient dance fêtes and gala dinners, with menus of the old days when Mlle. Clairon condescended from Versailles to the châteaux in Provence. Country houses, hotels, restaurants, night cafés, the Casino itself in the sacred Salle Garnier, are trying to eclipse previous efforts to please by reproducing the beauty and art of olden days or by the most up-to-date novelties in the countless balls and exhibition dances here. The spirits of Pierre Vidal, of Bertrand of Borne, and Pierre Cardinal should trip gaily through the feverish round of the full dancing season here.

M. FONTANA—the mayor of Menton—with Mme. Fontana gathered recently about 1,000 guests to the Hotel Imperial at Menton for a charming dance tea, where everything was well done except the *vestiaire*, where I heard guests complaining of their garments being lost. At Monte Carlo, the Hotel de Paris, Café de Paris, Carlton, Ambassadeurs, Grand, etc., are crammed on gala nights. The pretty room at the Ambassadeurs, with its soft music, is very popular for dance teas in the afternoon. Recently 340 passengers in the *Franconia* danced there, and, on another occasion, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holland gathered about 150 friends from four to six o'clock.

THERE must have been over 1,500 visitors at the ball—for the most part from distant resorts. The Russian ballet interlude was lovely, also the dancing of Miss Payne. The whole affair was a great success. Many were the gay suppers at the Café de Paris, Knickerbocker, etc. The latter is a new attraction here, and is just below Ciro and the Galerie Charles III on the way down to the station. The dinners at 40 francs and the suppers at 20 francs are very good value, and the wine *carte* is distinctly moderate in price, though excellent in choice and quality. The room is very prettily and becomingly lighted in soft and varied tints, and there is an effective method of airing by a false roof with holes in it, and aspirators which renew the air and draw off the fumes of cigarettes, etc. Frederic—the proprietor—is making the place very popular. He secures really good attractions. Cecile and Ord Hamilton have just left after six weeks here for the Ambassadeurs at Cannes. Their American songs and dances are among the real successes on the Riviera, and their turn at the Casino Gold Ball was much enjoyed. The Knickerbocker deserves its success.

TALK-TIME AT MANDELIEU

Mrs. H. Van den Bergh (left), Mrs. S. Van den Bergh and Mrs. Andrea watching the polo (more or less) at Mandelieu

MRS. ALASTAIR CAMERON at the Hotel de Paris recently assembled some notabilities at dinner, including the Princess of Monaco and the Prince Consort—Prince Pierre—the Duke of Connaught, Major-General the Hon. Sir Charles and Lady Sackville-West, the Hon. Edward Coke, Major-General Sir William and Lady Lambton, Lord Curzon, and Colonel and Mrs. Balsan, with whom he has been staying at their lovely villa above Eze, Princess Gaetani and Lady Churston. The Princess of Monaco invited over twenty guests to dinner lately at the Palace, followed by a bit of a new Russian ballet by Dukelsky, called *Zephyre et Flore*. One of the dancers, Mlle. Markova, only thirteen years old, had a great reception. Among the guests were the Duke of Connaught, Prince Festetics (a step-grandfather of the hostess), Prince Dominique Radziwill, Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, Sir John and Lady Parry, Major and Mrs. Ward, Mrs. and Miss Curtis, Comtesse Cahen d'Anvers, Comte and Comtesse de Breteuil, Lady Churston, Mme. Douine, and Mrs. Carrol.

L. N. A.

A CLUB CALL

Miss Eleanor Dawson on the daily round at the Cannes Golf Club, Mandelieu

THE opera season, as last year, promises well. Mlle. Alexandrovitch, Mme. Kousnetzoff, Mlle. Luart, Mlle. Alice Viardot, Miss Mary Lewis, etc., have all had great receptions. Mlle. Luart in *Manon* was inundated with flowers, which almost covered the stage. Mlle. Viardot is the grand-daughter and pupil of Mme. Pauline Viardot (the friend of George Sand and the original of *Consuelo*) who was the first creator of Orphée and a famous singer of Gluck's music. An all-American opera, *Fay-Yen-Fah*, composed by Mr. Redding, with the libretto by Mr. Templeton Crocker—both from San Francisco—is to be presented here on Washington's birthday, February 22, with Fanny Heldy as the Chinese heroine.

THE Men's Double cups, given by Mr. George Peirce Butler for pairs representing the nations of the world (barring the enemy countries), are now on view in the atrium of the Casino. Made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, they are very valuable two-handled cups with beautiful designs of the picturesque rock of Monaco on one side and of Monte Carlo and the coast as seen from the rock on the other. The smaller replicas, given as first prizes, should be most charming souvenirs. Numerous first-class pairs have already entered. Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen is playing in the Ladies' Doubles and Mixed. These championships of Monte Carlo begin on February 23.

I HEAR the Italian Riviera is very empty, though the moral Mussolini has allowed the San Remo Casino to re-open for roulette in the hopes of attracting more wealthy Germans, of whom there are a good many there.

At Bordighera the golf course is a great attraction, and is made the most of by excellent management. Nine more holes are already badly wanted.

MANY changes have taken place among the hotels at Menton this season, and a new first-class hotel has sprung up, the Menton et du Midi, the proprietor of which, Mr. G. de Smet, has now installed every bedroom in the hotel with a bathroom and dressing room. There are fifty private suites, all furnished in a luxurious manner. The hotel is on the sea front, and the restaurant is open to visitors.

A Mixed "Grill" from the Sunny Riviera

Central News

SPORT À L'AMÉRICAINE

Sir Hesketh Bell and Miss Deen, who took part in the recent tennis tournament at Beaulieu. Everything about the Riviera being cosmopolitan, the tournament was an American one

Marc Le Noir

A QUARTETTE IN THE SCALE OF "GEE"

A group of race-goers on the grand-stand of the Cannes course. The photograph shows Mr. H. Bacon (left), Lady Orr-Lewis, Lady Coats and Lord Queenborough discussing the day's "form"

Marc le Noir

WHERE "HORSE PLAY" IS ENCOURAGED

Princess René de Bourbon Parme (left), Countess Irene Worontzov-Daschkov and Princess Isabelle de Bourbon Parme, photographed on the polo ground at Cannes

L.N.A.

CAUGHT AT THE COURTS

Ex-King Manoel and his Consort at the Cannes Tennis Club, where they are among the keenest players. Tournaments have swept the Riviera like flu—but with greater popularity

Sport and General

SCATTER YE ROSEBUDS WHILST YE MAY

"Youth will have its fling," and the youth of France—ably assisted by the chivalry—are seen above suiting the deed to the word in no uncertain fashion. The occasion being the Battle of Flowers at Cannes, the more hits scored by the bombardiers, the bigger the hit—of the Fête

Motley Musings

In the report of the British Expedition to Ur of the Chaldees, it is stated that a woman's finger-prints have been discovered in the clay. Like Mr. Kipling, we shall be able to say, "We've learned about women from Ur!"

. . . . .

An indignant writer in the Press declares his belief that 10 per cent. of our politicians are insane. Well, it's not so bad as we feared.

. . . . .

We hear that those who are most interested in Oxford rowing are very keen that the 'Varsity eight should get back to the Gold standard.

. . . . .

There has been a nasty upheaval on the Southern Railway. Eros-ion has also begun in Piccadilly Circus.

. . . . .

We understand that, after all, Lady Astor's portrait is to be removed to a certain building in Regent's Park. It surely can't be the building *you're* thinking of.

. . . . .

"Another Train Robbery" is a headline in a contemporary. It is high time that this dispute about the fares was settled.

. . . . .

"We owe everything to Magna Charta" is the title of another recent article. But is it sporting to put the blame on the poor thing for all our troubles?

. . . . .

The Missing Link reported to have been found in Africa evidently had a wonderful reach when his arms were outstretched. What splendid fishing stories he could have told!

Vision

(An effort to recapture the mood of a modern poet)

Somewhere where you and I could not
Be interrupted in our Dream
Is where I fain would be, some spot
Where we could carry out our scheme,
And Life be one long Vulpine Trot!

Somewhere where you and I could not
Tell T'other from the eternal Which,
Where none would ask the Why or What—
Where we might feel the Urge and Itch,
And maybe quaff a tiny tot!

Somewhere where you and I could knot
The ravelled skeins of Thought to Deeds;
Yet in no Southern isle we'd squat,
Where naked niggers don but beads—
Some wear wear you and I could not!

. . . . .

A certain popular theatrical manager has decided not to admit "dead-heads" to his first-night performances. It is not true, however, that he has adopted "fussily Prinseps" as his motto.

STUNG! By Eddie Benfield

Fair American (returning to bridal suite and finding door locked): "Open the door, honey." (No response) "Honey, open the door—it's your Mamie." (Still no answer) "Honey, honey, open the door please, honey."

Irate Voice from Within: "Madam, this isn't a beehive, it's a bathroom"

George, the famous monkey at the Zoo, may shortly be seen on the cinema. Many people, not in confinement, have equally striking film faces.

. . . . .

A fashion paper says that "The Cardinal's Hat" will be worn next spring. Are we going back to Cardigan Wolsey's era?

Up, Apples!

Some like to titillate the tum
With grapes, and I'm aware
Some like to peel the peerless plum,
And some to pare the pear;
But Me for dapple Apples, sir,
In crates or else in boxes,
And generally I prefer
The famous Mr. Cox's!

Yet there are brands from other lands
Quite good, and (harmless quip)
I'll guarantee that ne'er to me
The Ribston gave the pip!
And here's a paradox again—
I know some men who're brainy 'uns,
Who, though their wits are right as rain,
Have manias for Tasmanians!

I know they say in Genesis
An apple was the cause
That led a certain man and miss
To break the moral laws;
But here's a vital fact, I wis,
That you have got to grapple:
You couldn't swallow that (or this),
Had you no Adam's apple!

. . . . .

"Down with every blighter that preys upon the working-man," was the slogan of a Hyde Park orator last Sunday. Such self-condemnation is rare among these Communists.

. . . . .

A certain Trade Union maintains that the coal industry should be subsidised. Personally, we hold that any lending to miners should be discouraged.

. . . . .

"I think," remarked the gushing Young Thing to the Chelsea genius, "your portrait of Lady ——— is absolutely life-like."

"Life-like!" snorted the affronted one, "why it's *immortal!*"

. . . . .

To any Actor Whom the Cap May Fit

If it is Art's first canon to conceal it
It's very obvious you don't reveal it!

. . . . .

Answer to Correspondent: No, Tommy, the book you are thinking of is not called Robinson Kruschen.

HARTLEY CARRICK

Hamlet at the Haymarket

"Sasha"

Miss Constance Collier as the Queen and Mr. John Barrymore, the famous American actor-manager, as Hamlet in the production which has its *première* to-morrow (Thursday). Mr. Barrymore, who has produced the play, made his first appearance in London in 1905 at the Comedy Theatre. (Inset) Miss Fay Compton, who plays Ophelia

Produced January 25, 1925

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a Revue which seems to me to be a clear advance on anything we have before seen in London. Other entertainments of the kind may have been more elaborately mounted; but they cannot be compared with this for wit and originality. One of the earliest successes is entitled "So this is matrimony!" Here we have, first, the usual masculine anticipation of the attentive wife who will bring him his slippers, and fill his pipe for him at the end of his working day. Then there is the young wife's anticipation that matrimony for her means that her man will do all his own work and hers too, including the shopping, while she reposes languidly on a couch, and thinks up new ways of killing time. And old married people know that matrimony is so very different from all that, though, of course, they don't dare to mention it.

I AM not betraying a confidence when I mention that last summer we had a good deal of rain. Consequently, a song of summer that deals with mackintoshes and overcoats is perfectly justified. If summer will behave like that, it deserves what it gets in the way of satire. Miss Betty Chester and Mr. Harold French present a little scene entitled, "Summer's Here," which they handle with agreeably delicate but complete humour. They are a young couple dashing off to the country to stroll in happy idleness amid the sunlit woods, and all they get is a thorough soaking, and sneezing colds. Considering that the turn is dealing all the while with the obvious, its unequivocal success is quite remarkable.

THEN there is an extremely novel scene, most ably presented by Mr. Jack Hulbert and Miss Cicely Courtneidge. It has the rather forbidding title of "Greek as She is Taught," and takes one back for a moment to prison-like class-rooms, and caps, and gowns, and canes, and all the other little luxuries of dull-witted boyhood. Cicely Courtneidge, completely disguised as a schoolboy, is being "kept in" by her Master, Mr. Jack Hulbert, who clearly has no more liking for the job than his victim. The boy translates with both reluctance and difficulty, and the Master tries, without very great success, to show a proper interest in the proceedings. The fact is that there is a cricket match taking place in the grounds outside, and the School has yet twenty-seven runs to make, and the tension of the moment is naturally awful. The momentary digressions here and there from ancient Greek to modern cricket are perfect in their rich humour; and now and again the Master is led involuntarily into a heated discussion with his erring pupil as to the details of the latest

score. It is a splash of rich fun, admirably written and acted, and every laugh was on the shouting side. There are Jeremiahs who have lately been telling us that the old country is going to the dogs because our cricket is falling off in quality. This may be true, but it seems clear from this sketch that our cricket will always be ahead of our proficiency in ancient Greek.

A WILDLY funny scene is entitled, "The Sisters." This is a rather cutting burlesque of the Variety turn which consists of two ladies, one a vocalist and the other her accompanist. Mr. Hulbert in a dainty white frock is at the piano, while Miss Betty Chester goes through the "sister's" repertoire with a remorseless imitation of the usual smirks and postures of these stereotyped turns. Miss Betty Chester appears a little

later in the song "Raggedy Ann," which is an agreeably perfect specimen of her art. The song is a poor thing of itself, but Miss Chester fills it with life and colour. It has been said that you cannot make a silk purse out of a porcine ear, but I would like to hear that this dainty lady had tried the feat and failed before I became too positive about it.

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THE cross-word puzzle craze comes in, of course, for its share of sarcasm. It is astonishing what a number of otherwise well-meaning people have been lured into this entirely frivolous form of entertainment, which is very properly ridiculed here. Another laughable novelty is the scene of an elopement as acted at a broadcasting station for the benefit of listeners-in. We have had scenes showing actors who say all sorts of irrelevant nonsense while their movements are being "filmed." This scene shows us the other side of the picture. So long as the players speak their words with proper emphasis they may act as they please. Thus, the villain of the piece, while nominally fighting a duel to the death with the hero, joins him in a friendly cigarette, leaving the clashing of the sword-blades to the property-man, who in due course drops a sandbag on the floor with a heavy thud to indicate that the villain has fallen before the hero's sword. Similarly, when the heroine is appealing to the hero to take her in his arms and kiss her once again, she has the studio to herself, while the property man faithfully reproduces the sounds of fervent osculation, the hero having gone off with another girl. The scene is, of course, born of the time in which we live, but Mr. Hulbert and his friends exploit it most thoroughly and with complete success.

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MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE shows a nice versatility in her various turns. From being a merry schoolboy she becomes a faded spinster sponging nonchalantly on her complacent neighbours. Then we see her as the broadcasted heroine dabbing her face with her powder-puff while she is calling on the hero to deliver her from the villain. Then there is a novelty called a "choral effort" by the company. This shows a typical football crowd with its usual appeals to the players set to music, a most delightful piece of nonsense. Here Miss Courtneidge is the usual small boy with a cricket cap, who has fought his way to a front place, and has the most to say of anyone. A little later we see her as a flamboyant widow who has just married again and has set out with her new husband for their honeymoon. She is a lady who is very keen on the proprieties, but with no use for aspirates, and as a piece of character acting it is highly creditable.

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ONE of Miss Courtneidge's best turns is when she appears with Mr. Hulbert as one of "Two from Ascot." She wears the orthodox grey suiting of masculinity with a white "topper" stuck on the back of her head, and looks quite the little gentleman. The two have a jolly song about the good day they have had, the song being interspersed with amusing cross-talk which all contributes to the fun of an excellent turn. Miss Betty Chester is another of the stalwarts of the production who contributes greatly to its undoubted success. In one or two of her scenes she is aided and abetted by Mr. Harold French, who supplies the light comedy element. A Fashion Parade was of course essential, if only for the benefit of the gentlemen who have brought an opera-glass with them, and the display here is very rich and beautiful. But I expect the bills for some of the costumes must take the glamour from them a little. Mr. Jack Hulbert dances with his usual surprising agility, and on one occasion at least he has a very efficient partner in Mr. Eddie Childs, whose trick-steps are amazing in their neatness and ingenuity. Mr. Hulbert is to be congratulated on his admirable production, which will certainly draw the Town.

JINGLE

PARISIANA By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Poste Restante"

MES AMIS—

JACQUES NATANSON is our Noel Coward. Judging from the fuss that has been made over *The Vortex* and other works of Noel Coward, London presumably imagined that it was alone in the possession of a youthful phenomenon who had looked upon Society and found it in the condition of a midsummer Camembert. But what twenty-four-year-old Mr. Coward was opining about the West End, twenty-three-year-old M. Natanson was figuring (figuring was French before it was American) about the Avenue du Bois and the Avenue Henri Martin.

PIQUANT, is it not, how frequently people in different parts of the world rise up and say similar things at the same time? Could we be told of it, we should probably find that a number of capitals have shared this experience of having the skeletons in their cupboards pitilessly bared by youthful saints, or cynics, with a campaigning ardour and a gift for dramatisation.

I KNOW nothing about Mr. Coward beyond his ability, but in estimating M. Natanson one gets the impression that he met a Dark Lady early, and has not yet got over it; that, *en effet*, he feels he is charged with a mission to warn all and sundry against Dark Ladies and their masculine friends, who are "not nice." That seemed to be the purport of his three earlier plays, which earned him the title of the Juvenal *d'aujourd-'hui*, and it again appears to be the object of his new comedy, *Le Greluchon Delicat*.

Eh bien, though Parisians may, or may not, think themselves as black as they are painted, they certainly find excellent amusement in seeing themselves painted in sombre shades by Jacques Natanson, and *The Squeamish Gallant* promises to be as popular as its predecessors. The Dark Flower of the play, Simone, has three lovers—an elderly one who has the bank balance, and two young ones who have no bank but any amount of balance. The lady, of course, has the balance of power. The elderly lover has a grievance in the fact that the young rivals have not only never done anything, but that they obviously imagine themselves entitled to reap without sowing. He has a "kick" to place about this, and all but "Gigolos" will agree that his "kick" is legitimate and deserved.

ANOTHER playwright who is sticking to his "types" is the versatile Jules Romains, creator of the triumphant satire *Knock*, who has revived M. le Trouhadec, the scientist who has all the senses except commonsense. Previously he involved him "in dissipation." Now he entangles him in the equally dangerous meshes of marriage and politics. As president of the Honest People's Party he is obviously destined to bear most of the slings and arrows on account of being really honest. M. Romains has produced another original and very diverting comedy, though it is not quite up to the standard of the brilliantly clever *Knock*. It has, however, furnished an acting triumph for Louis Jouvert.

RECENT heads of the French Post Office must have been crusty old bachelors or husbands who had been made unhappy, for, one after

(Continued on page 366)

"To warn all and sundry against Dark Ladies"

At the Bal Bullier

BY BERT WILSON

Some impressions of student life—and its studies—at the popular Bal Bullier in the Quartier Latin

" Increased the price of *petits-bleus* "

another, they have embarked on acts which young, and therefore impecunious, lovers can but regard as unfriendly. One cruel ogre decided that love-letters confided trustingly to the Poste Restante must pay a *taxe* of twenty centimes. Another equally unsympathetic Postmaster-General increased the price of *petits-bleus* by thirty per cent.

That left only the telephone as a reasonably inexpensive channel of communication, but now a black-hearted autocrat has decreed that telephones must be paid for according to the extent to which they are used. All faith and hope in the charity of the Post Office having been abandoned, Parisiennes are now resorting to flowers as a means of announcing and emphasising their affection. You have to learn the language, of course; but as there is an overwhelming abundance of red roses even novices have little difficulty as yet.

Not all Ministers are tyrants like the Ministres des Postes, however. M. Chautemps, the Minister of the Interior, whose job is primarily supposed to be that of hanging, drawing, and quartering Prefects who favour politicians of the unsuccessful party, has captured the admiration of his typists by the revelation of unsuspected talents. When a machine goes wrong in the course of typing a document that is wanted urgently, M. Chautemps does not waste time calling for a mechanic, who will certainly be *introuvable*. He just says, " *Je vais vous arranger cela*," and in about five minutes the typist is hitting out *rapports* at top speed.

I have great hopes about M. Chautemps, one of the mild, silent men who get things done. I feel he is the man that the perturbed artists should apply to about the scarcity of models. They have been complaining that the models' market in the Place Pigalle now sees few of the " types " which used to offer themselves—the Auvergne shepherd, the Adonis from Italy, and the like—thus compelling them to paint clumps of bananas and equally " still " life.

" *Je vais vous arranger cela* "

If the artists were to approach M. Chautemps as a *petit père* I feel sure he could assist them with a few shepherds from his native hills; while, as for masculine beauties from across the Alps, he has a few thousand Italians under observation for whom he would like to provide a less dangerous occupation than propagating Fascism or Communism. Let the Montparnos send a deputation to the Minister, kind and capable.

Dramatic critics are rarely popular with playwrights, but there are some who are even more in disfavour than others. Easily the most disliked of all in Paris are Max and Alex. Fischer, two hearts that bleat as one. Personally, I am unaware of the cause of their unpopularity. Possibly it is because they are sellers and makers of books instead of makers of plays, from which class Paris dramatic critics usually hail. There is no doubt, however, that they are not so warmly welcomed as some of their *confrères* at first nights.

But they have got rather the better of a bout with Jacques Deval, author of *La Beauté du Diable*. Deval instructed the manager of the theatre that no invitation was to be sent to the Frères Fischer, who, he wrote, were completely without any authority for the pronouncing of judgments on anything whatsoever that was dramatic, or even literary.

Unfortunately for the thoroughness of the offensive, Jacques Deval personally forwarded an invitation to a less known critic attached to the same journal, calling himself Gaston Liberty. In their delight the Frères Fischer have confessed that, not content with the possession of two names where most dramatic critics have only one, they are also " Gaston Liberty "as well. When they have lacked adequate time to write a critique in the best Fischerist style, they have borrowed the name of Gaston Liberty, so that their reputation as stylists, to which they apparently attach an unsuspected importance, should not suffer. Now, of course, there will be no invitation for " Gaston " — at least not from Jacques Deval. René

A Stormy Rencontre

BY BLAM

OBLIGING GENDARME: "You will find your hat, Mademoiselle, in the North East of Paris. All the hats are going there!"

SKI-PLANING—THE NEW THRI

After Skikjöring, Ski-planing! An impression of Lieutenant Leslie Hamilton's thrilling feat on the frozen lake of St. Moritz, when ski-ers, grasping a long bar roped to the tail of the plane, glide over the frozen snow at a speed to make one gasp . . . . Faster and now skimming the ground, now cutting the frosty air. . . . . Five times they circle the frozen lake, until human enduran

Drawn on the spot for THE BYSTANDER *by Howard K. Elcock*

LL FOR WINTER-SPORTSMEN

he conducted Lord Northesk and Prince Odescalchi (with their best ski-ing feet foremost) on a "personally conducted" tow. The d faster goes the plane. The propeller flings back a stinging blizzard of whirling snow. The ski-ers fly onward, muscles tense, skis ce can stand no more, and they signal to their snorting Pegasus of the snow-filled air. Any more for the Round Tour?

The Last Word

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

THE CROSS-WORD FIEND: "'To fall; to break to little pieces.' I've got it, 'C-R-A-S-H'"

LITTLE NATURE STUDIES

No. IV.—THE BAR MOTH.

By ARTHUR MILLS. *Illustrated by A. WALLIS MILLS*

THE Bar Moth is a fairly common species in the British Isles, and may most conveniently be found during its feeding hours. These vary in different parts of the country, but, broadly speaking, are between meals.

Little is known about its habits at other hours, but it is generally believed to spend a good part of its time watching the clock.

One or two rare specimens have been caught in chemists' shops as early as ten o'clock in the morning.

So much by way of general observation. To come down to detail, I will give a short history of my acquaintance with Eustace.

We first met at a French watering-place. Exhausted by the excitements of the morning—a dog fight, a pretty girl bathing, and a motor smash, in which a Ford easily won on points against a newly-painted Hispano-Suiza, Eustace had turned into "'Arrees" (pronounced as spelt).

A snug little place is "'Arrees," standing at the corner of one of the main streets. The brass rail that shields its proprietor from contact with the common world is always brightly polished. Trays of delicacies are set forth upon the mahogany counter, anchovies besprinkled with cayenne pepper, chipped potatoes dipped in salt, olives, sardines on toast. An imposing array of bottles and glasses decorates the shelves. Over the fireplace there is a picture of a coach in a snow-drift. It is the one typically British spot in a very cosmopolitan town.

I was drinking an *apéritif* when Eustace came in. He wore a golfing suit, a jersey of many colours, and tasselled garters; his cap shaded his left eye.

"Mornin', Harry," he said. The remark seemed an effort. He climbed on to a high stool, placed his left elbow on the bar, tilted the stool on to one leg, and remained balanced with consummate ease.

"Mornin', Capten," answered Harry, briskly, "what can I do for you?"

"I should like something to make me feel young again," said Eustace, earnestly.

"Oh, that's easy." Harry began to busy himself over a glass.

Eustace now noticed me. His eyes travelled slowly from the top of my head to the points of my boots. I was about to speak, when they began their return journey, and kind of paralysed my tongue.

"Anything for you, sir?" enquired Harry of me.

"May most conveniently be found during its feeding hours"

"I'll have a lemon squash."

There was a crash of glass and the clatter of a falling stool. Though the stool went over, Eustace managed to hold on to the rail of the bar; he looked at me as though the fault was mine. However, the incident served as an introduction, and we chatted as Harry finished mixing our drinks.

It appeared that Eustace was being sent by his guardian out East and had come over to Mer des Bains for the dual purpose of seeing something of Continental life and learning French. Further, that after fully investigating the possibilities of the town, he had selected "'Arree's" as his headquarters.

As he spent the greater part of the day at H.Q. and Harry spoke perfect English, he did not seem likely to achieve either object. However, this worried him very little.

I wondered how he would get on in the East.

Many months later I passed through Hong-Kong on my way up to Japan. Going into the Club, and, of course, to the bar (which *is* the club, whether it be Hong-Kong, Canton, or Shanghai), the first person I saw was Eustace, sitting on a high stool, his elbow against the bar in almost the identical attitude that I had last seen him. He was neat and dapper, as usual, but seemed to find a certain difficulty in lifting potato chips from his plate.

An acquaintance joined us. Eustace introduced him as "Doc"—"my Doctor," he added. The Doctor looked at Eustace's glass.

"I put you on soft drinks until Monday," he said.

"That's alright, Doc," said Eustace, wearily, "I am just taking this for a cold."

"If you don't do as I tell you, young fellow," said the Doctor, severely, "you *will be cold*, let alone having one. Some men can't drink out East, and you are one of them."

Eustace's only answer was to order another peg, after which he went away, evidently no longer able to endure the Doctor's reproachful eye.

When we were alone the Doctor said, "I warned that young fellow that if he doesn't take a pull he will be dead in a week." The Doctor spoke gravely, and the airy mirage of good fellowship that veils the East seemed suddenly to lift, leaving only stark reality. I thought I would try to find Eustace and talk to him.

Eustace was not to be found. Heaven knows where he went that day—what ships he visited, what bars, service messes, and other haunts, but he kept away from the Club.

Late that night the Doctor and I were again in the Club bar. We had ordered our nightcaps, when I saw the Doctor staring over my shoulder. In the doorway Eustace stood; his topee awry, his drill suit stained, eyes unseeing. He beckoned a waiter, and we heard him order a double peg, then he thrust his hands in his pockets and began to hum a tune—a solemn stately tune, which, fuddled though he was, we recognised as Mendelssohn's "Dead March."

The Doctor crossed the floor, caught him by the shoulder, and shook him savagely. "You damned young fool, it is nothing to joke about," he said.

"I know it isn't, Doc. I am holding the funeral service now. To-morrow I am going on the water-waggon."

Next day as our ship passed through the blue harbour towards the sea, I wondered if Eustace really would do as he said, or if he would go on until he flew into the flame.

NEXT WEEK—
No. V. The Purple Emperor

"GO LOW" *I. B.*

A Welshman about to tackle a Scottish forward, who appears to be alone with the ball and his glory at Swansea—a nasty place for a Scotsman to be alone in, from a Rugger point of view! Scotland beat Wales by 24 points to 14

RUGGER RAGGINGS

TACTICS.

By "PENDARVES"

THERE comes a day, some time or other, in the annals of the best regulated club when a very hot team is about to arrive upon the scene; is in fact putting on those hated jerseys and stockings in the dressing-room, and the home club finds its first fifteen drained of five of its most forceful performers by an international match or an epidemic of "flu."

It is then that strategy must be resorted to. For those gallant sportsmen who have a soul above such things, but who may find themselves in the predicament indicated above, permit me to outline quite briefly a few tactics that may be employed, any one of which will ease the strain of wearisome attack and dreaded defeat, at the same time reducing the opponents to a state of fury which spells death to accurate play, and so gives the perpetrators at least an unsporting chance of keeping the home fires burning merrily.

I was absorbed in the contemplation of a match the other day—*not* on any London ground, where the Ruggermen are all perfect gentlemen, of course—at which all of the following, shall we say, shock tactics were brought into play, none of which seemed to be noticed by the referee; so that at about half-time I would have been prepared to lay a shade of odds on the game finishing with fists and not with the ball. That it did not so end, and that the referee is still ignorant of the appearance of a hospital "out-patients" department, still remains a mystery to me.

There is first of all the unrivalled opportunity of getting a bit of your own back at the line out. The thing to do with their extra tall forward, who reaches for and obtains the ball seven times out of ten, is to shove him gently but firmly in the back as soon as he gets upon his toes. You are quite safe, because the referee invariably stands at the end of the line where he can see very little, instead of about the middle of the line where he could see most things. This goads the tall forward to an inarticulate madness; but that is as was intended, and is right and proper.

If the other side has been endowed with a scrum half of ability out of the ordinary who is succeeding with monotonous regularity in feeding his three-quarters at your risk and expense, his ardour can be checked quite efficaciously by enterprising back-row forwards; either by swinging out sideways as he comes round, or by putting out a quick, tripping foot at the psychological moment of necessity.

There is another excellent way of dealing with an abominably fast wing three-quarter, a star performer whom people feed with the ball far too often for your liking. Naturally you are on the *qui vive* for this gentleman, and three or four of you hem him in as near touch as possible. But he is a master of the short punt ahead and follow up. He kicks in plenty of time to enable him to carry on and put all his team on side. So your full back carries on too, and either tackles him and puts him down long after he has kicked, or just barges into him. It is a practical certainty that the referee is watching the ball and nothing else. Several encounters of this sort between a light, leggy wing three-quarter and a stocky, heavy-going full back will slake the thirst of the former for another of his "brilliant and individual efforts" that the Sunday papers make such a fuss about.

When the game is *in extremis* there is a subterfuge which can be adopted at any moment by anyone, towards whom the sympathy not only of the referee but of all the people who have paid gate money to come in will be extended. You can become a casualty. The time to do it is when, already in your twenty-five, the opponents are bearing down irresistibly on the goal line. Lie flat on your face and writhe in apparent agony. Some member of your side is certain to draw the referee's attention, and whistle, to it in time to save the situation. It has the further advantage that after a few moments of solicitous rubbing on the indicated hacked muscle by two sympathisers, you will rise unsteadily to your feet to receive the plaudits of handclapping which is the reward of the brave and virtuous.

I had the honour of conferring with the referee across tea cups after the particular game wherein I witnessed all this and more; and on my mentioning the scandal and the shame of it he looked quite hurt and deeply suspicious of me. I, mark you, had been a mere blackbeetle of a spectator, who knew—nothing whatever about anything. Whereas *he* had been in charge of the game, and nothing had escaped him—how could it? He had been *there!*

But has anyone ever met a referee who had been known to admit after a game that anything had escaped him? No, not one.

DARK DOINGS IN DURBAN *James Press Agency*

The English touring team in South Africa (Mr. Solly Joel's XI) photographed at Durban complete with local means of locomotion—to wit, rickshaws and the picturesque rickshaw "boys" in their "war" paint

SHOWMANSHIP! By Alfred Taylor

Head of Department: "Miss Brown, you were engaged to display gloves and veils, not stockings"

A HE-MAN! By Boyle

Coster (*to diminutive offspring*): "Nah, then, Bluebeard—none o' them games. You're out wiv yer farver this mornin'!"

"Hounds Stout, Horses Healthy, Earths

PYTCHLEY PERSONALITIES *Alfieri*

The Hon. Mrs. John Lowther (wife of the Joint-Master), Frank Freeman (the Huntsman), Lt.-Colonel Sir Charles Lowther (who shares the Mastership with his brother, Colonel John Lowther), and Mr. Entwistle, at the Pytchley meet at Cottesbrooke

STYLE-ISH

Mrs. Bagot-Chester does a balancing act with becoming grace while following the Guildford and Shere Beagles at Wanborough, Mr. C. Cooke forming an appreciative audience

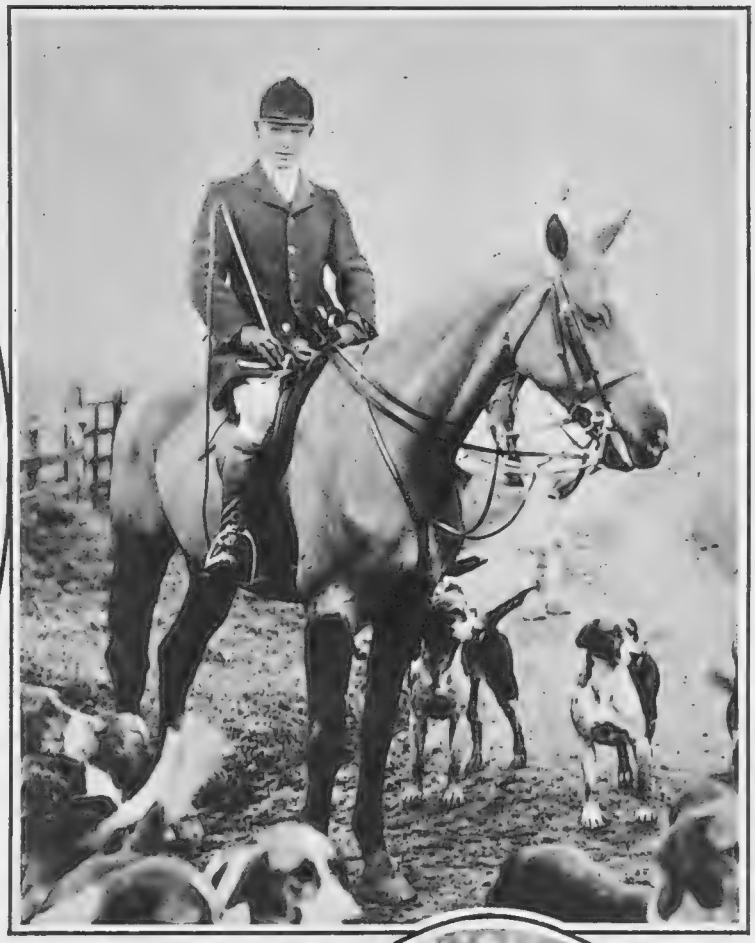
WITH THE BLANKNEY

Lord Londesborough talking to a friend at a meet of the Blankney at Stapleford Hall. There were two stirring gallops over the gorgeous Vale country; the first fox ran for fifty minutes without a check, being finally killed some thirty after

Well Stopped and Foxes Plenty"

WITH THE BELVOIR

Mr. and Mrs. Worth at the Belvoir meet at Rippingale. From Harby Covert, on the following day, the Belvoir got their best day's sport of the season



THE BEDALE'S NEW MASTER

Major W. W. Burdon, the well-known Northumberland sportsman, who will take over the Mastership of the Bedale at the end of this season

WATCHING THE BELVOIR MEET

Mrs. Sairby, Mrs. Holdrich Smith, Mrs. Kingston and Mrs. Casswell at Rippingale

Alfieri and R. Bell, Bolton

MORE "BEAVERS"

Mr. Hooper and Mrs. Turner at the Rippingale meet

There was some fast hunting in the Belvoir country after the meet at Rippingale, when a four-footed sportsman from Dunsby Wood gave hounds a good run to Keisby Wood. Later, with an outlier, hounds covered some five miles of country in thirty minutes.

YOGO HAMA ON COURT CEREMONIALS

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

THISLY week to date are very epochal and red-letter because of (1) the Court season opens to begin and (b) the Hon. Historicals Society makes to celebrate its anniversary of establishment with songs, dances and other baccanals, and also (c) because of what I shall inform in requisitely due course.

For the benefits of provincials, non-sophisticates and nouveau riches (French for to not have any ancestors) I shall depict in brief words these so momentum events. The (1) Court season means that Hon. Majestys have return to Buckinghams Palace and will be "at home" to authentic persons who are certificated to present themselves or not at their peril. This are very great honour and persons who obtain "commands," if they do not obey, are thrust into deepish dudgeons or suffer their heads to be decapitated by a yeoman of the Guards. This are called "contempt of court," which signifies to mean that they must suffer to endure chastisements for treason and other plots. But not many persons commit this wicked sin, but very to the contrary they pell-mell over each other for privilege of partaking tea, buns and suchly combustibles in royal precincts.

Persons who receive demand notes to appear themselves at Court are called, if femns, "débutantes," which translates to mean they have not yetly debutted, but will before not very long. Very upper 10 femns are maintained in private seclusion till they are 17 or 19 of age, when they "come out" to perform their debutts and seek to obtain lucrative nuptials. This causes them to be very frightfully modest and pure so that they do not imagine to suppose any evil in the world and have minds like lilies and other chaste vegetables. These débutantes are attire in white garments and feathers, also diamond coronas if very highly birthed and are then driven to the Court. When they succeed to eventually perform their debutts (which they must do backwards because their garments are so long and adhesive they cannot turn round without suffering to risk a debacle), they are deemed to be sophisticates and may henceforthly dance, oggle and indulge other pleasant sins till they have secured a nuptialing and have diminutive débutantes of their own.

Masc débutants do not require to be so pure and good, but must not have been to prison or performed other illegal sins, otherwisely they will not receive a royal command note to appear themselves at Court. Débutants (masc) do not necessitate to dress themselves in white, but in very military garments with swords, knives, pistols and suchly fatal weapons, so they may instantaneously kill treason persons who seek to achieve plots or other illegitimate explosions. Sometimes, if very noble and gritty, they receive a knighting with a sword which they suffer 3 slaps from and this makes them to become a Sir or a Bart with their faces in Debrett and suchly peerages. Like Hon. femn débutantes if very highly birthed they wear coronas on their heads, also stars and garters and suchly insignias if legitimately entitled. Femns cannot achieve to become Sirs or Barts but only O.B.E.'s for good conducts. To become peerages, they must succeed to nuptial a masc Sir or Bart who is ready-made, which if they do they become Ladyships and may present themselves to Court without a demand note or other legal warrant. Some day, perhapsly, femns will succeed to become Sirs and Barts without having to 1-st nuptial or commit other sacrifices, which proves to show

(*Continued on page 378*)

"Débutantes preparing to debutt"

"Débutants (masc) garmenting for Court"

Does she leave school with her energy unimpaired? Are you sure she has her full share of that laughing health, that buoyant strength, so essential to her successful "finishing"? Make sure!

For poise, for courage of mind and spirit—the result of strong nerves, give her Horlick's Malted Milk. It is a nourishing and delicious combination of fresh milk and the extracts of malted barley and wheat flour.

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A liberal sample for trial will be forwarded, post free, for 3d. in stamps.

Served in restaurants and cafés of standing

Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.

"Non-débutantes at Court"

that man are increasingly ceasing to become the lion of beasts and a top-dog.

Ignoramus persons, howeverly, should not run away to suppose that all courts are Buckinghams Palace courts, but sometimes extremely otherwisely. There are legal courts where judicial persons put on wigs over their heads to make them look reverent and sentence to a fine of 5/- and a caution persons who have broken laws like as killing other persons illegally, motoring to exceed 20 miles per h.p., imbibing to drink after 10 at night p.m. and other breeches of the peace. Suchly persons are only débutants if they have committed a 1-st offence, but if they have achieved 3 or 5 offences they become ancient "lags" and suffer committments for trial and other severeish penalties by jury. They also wear specially prepared garments which they do not have to make purchase, but are treated to gratis, whereas to the contrary, upper 10 débutants must very lavishly stump out cashes for their court garments and coronas.

Concerning re (b), the Hon. Historicals Society, this very anciently establish branch founded itself on or about 1 A.D. for promulgating history and other defunct facts. These so learned academics live only in the past, but emerge themselves 1-ce every 100 years to celebrate a centenial with dancings and suchly junkets. Thusly, we shall witness to observe dzs of these extremely ancients which date themselves back to A.B.C. and other forgotten dates, performing to jazz, 1-step and other modern improvements. Then they will return to 1055, on or about, seeking for dates and suchly historical fruits for non-born posterity to enjoy.

"Historicals Society seeking for dates"

And now, Hon. Sir, I shall explode you a bomb (c) from the blue which shall cause you to experience severeish shocks and fits. *I have witheringly scorned a crown!* Ha, ha, that makes you to sit up and feel pale, I ejacule grimishly. O yes, you would greatly love to adopt airs and swag of "my Hon. friend, King Hama 1 of Kamchatka," I wager to bet. Yes indeedly, but I have very completely put a spike in your wheel.

"Kindly, Mr. Y. Hama, to more adequately inform concerning re this so narrowish squeek," you deplore?

We can only inform that Hon. Primate and other Kamchatka politicals made to approach us with a crown, sceptre and suchly perks to sit in a throne and make wise laws and other revenues. We then adumbrated thusly the deputation which dissolved into weeps.

"Go! Je ne le saurois swop la plume del literati, for the unwashed crown de Kamchatka! Not ever shall Hon. Bystanders say with fingers of scorn that Yogo Hama deserted them to grow a crowned head!"

"Mr. Y. Hama—(you repop?)—I can scarcely succeed to speak for tears. I did not suppose to think you nourished so great and—and lovely heart. If 5/- should be any recompensing for your so sublimeish sacrifice, I will strive to borrow same——"

Kindly to hist. I have only achieved to perform my duty without hopes of carnal rewardings. Trusting Hon. Sir, you succeed to maintain good healths and other domestic blessings, we remain

Yogo Hama

"I have witheringly scorned a crown . . . . . "

Miss ZOE PALMER

Miss JUSTINE JOHNSTONE

Miss DOROTHY DICKSON

Miss NORA SWINBURNE

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"JUNE"

Miss BINNIE HALE

Miss MADGE COMPTON

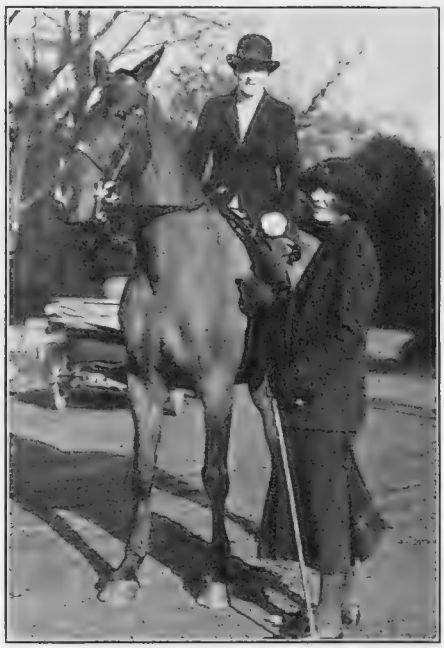
HUNTING NOTES . . . By A. W. Coaten

At Altcar

MANY hunting people, as well as the coursing crowd, will be interested this week in the fate of the Waterloo Cup, which reaches its deciding stage at Altcar on Friday. The issue appears to be very open, and I have received quite a number of tips from people who know all about coursing form. In one quarter I am assured that Tall Guardsman will win. This is a second-season dog belonging to Lord Tweedmouth. True, he was beaten at the Lowther meeting in the autumn, but he is expected to improve upon that form. Then it is said that Mr. H. C. Pilkington's Pentonville is the right dog to back. This is undoubtedly a wonderfully promising puppy. Another strongly fancied youngster is Mr. H. Charles's Beaded Rock, but it is, perhaps, significant that this owner is filling his own nomination with his other dog, Beaded Dick. I shall give a vote in favour of PENTONVILLE.

A Big Run

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. Walter Buckmaster and his huntsman, Bob Champion, on the great run the Warwickshire showed recently from Ettington. The only fly in the ointment is that this good thing occurred on an off day, with the result that many of the Warwickshire regulars were not out with the pack, while those who did muster at the meeting-place did not come prepared for any sensational developments and had made no provision for second horses. Roughly speaking, a point of not far short of thirteen miles was made, and hounds probably covered an additional five miles. There is good reason to believe that they were hunting one fox the whole time. It would have been a crowning achievement had they got hold of him. Although it was getting dark when hounds were stopped, Mr. Buckmaster would probably have persevered had not horses reached the end of their tether.



C. C. Frisby

WITH THE SOUTHWOLD

Lady Beryl Gilbert (mounted) and Mrs. St. Vigor Fox at a meet of the Southwold at Girsby Manor

Serving Scent

IT so happened that on the same afternoon there was a vein of good sport all over the Midlands. It was one of those rare occasions on which scent served well over a wide area. The Bicester people were specially in luck's way. The eight-mile point in 55 minutes from Edgecote to Bucknell Wood was a real topper. You can tell by the time and point that hounds could not have loitered on the way, and one is not surprised to know that only a select few were with them at the last. Fresh foxes prevented hounds from receiving a well-deserved reward. All the same, it was quite a sparkling performance, and about the best thing the Bicester have done this season.

A Good Huntsman

EVERYBODY in this country is singing the praises of the huntsman, Clarence Johnson, who is now being compared with Frank Freeman. No young huntsman could wish for a better compliment than that. Freeman, by the way, had to miss a day recently owing to having damaged a knee. That gave Sir Charles Lowther a chance of hunting hounds, and the style in which he did the job left no cause for complaint. It is hoped to run a point-to-point meeting in the Pytchley country next month, and those who have seen good sport there this winter should roll up with their subscriptions for the fund which is being formed for the purpose of entertaining the farmers at the races.

RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

A Good Book

A RATTLING good book which racing people are sure to welcome is *Turf Memories of Sixty Years*, by Alexander Scott, just published by Hutchinson and Co. (18*s*.). Tightly packed with good racing stories, it tells of men and horses who were prominent on the Turf at a time when many of us were beginning our racing careers. There is a real charm about these yarns of steeplechasing in days when meetings took place at Croydon, Streatham, and other places from which racecourses have long since disappeared. Mr. Scott knew many of the most famous owners, trainers, and jockeys of those days, and has something of interest to say about most of them. It is noticeable that he does not seek to glorify the past at the expense of the present. On the contrary, he declares that "with sixty years' experience of the Turf and its ways behind me, I have no hesitation in saying that racing has undergone vastly beneficial changes." This breezy volume has been well edited by Mr. W. J. Collins.

Two Wagers

LAST week I made my first wagers for the new flat-racing campaign. Perhaps I shall have cause to lament having butted in so early in the day, but I have not involved myself in anything which is serious enough to keep me awake at nights. In the first place, I have taken 100 to 3 about Parth for the Lincolnshire Handicap. Perhaps he will not run. It is a point upon which I have not consulted my good friend, Jimmy Crawford, who trains the horse. I have jumped in because I am convinced that Parth will take a tremendous amount of beating if he does go to Lincoln. And if he is there, you may be sure that I shall see some profitable hedging. As an old racing hand I am never cocksure about any events of the future, but I do feel that Parth is in a class of his own in the Lincoln, and I am satisfied that weight will not stop him if Crawford can send him fit and well to the opening meeting of the season.

'Ware Tapin

I HAVE also a good deal of respect for the French colt, Tapin, who has now been a month in England. You hear of all sorts of money-making systems on the Turf, but how few of them will bear the brunt of a couple of season's working? The best system I know in dealing with handicaps is to take the best-class horses on your side. You will find that it pays in the long run. Well, Tapin has class. Otherwise, how could he have won the French Two Thousand Guineas? The trouble is that he has been out of sorts since his arrival at Bartholomew's place, and I do not advise anybody to back him until much nearer the date of the race.

A Derby Colt

MY other wager was a much more substantial one than that which I made about Parth. At the risk of being called unpatriotic I have backed a French colt for the Derby, none other than Ptolemy. I did this as soon as I returned from Chantilly, where I saw the colt, and was more impressed by him than by any young thoroughbred I have looked over since I first saw Mumtaz Mahal. Others besides myself have taken a fancy to Ptolemy, and the best offer I could get was 10 to 1. Perhaps it will look a foolish bet on Derby Day, but I am convinced this colt is something really out of the common. At Hurst Park on Friday **Punt Gun** may win the Walton Steeplechase, while **Old Times** should prove equal to giving the weight away on the second day of the meeting.

Concerning Coursing

BY "THE TOUT"

Some of the celebrities who will be seen out at Altcar during "Waterloo Cup" week. Among them will be found Mr. Gordon Smith, who nominated the winner of last year's "Dogs' Derby"

BE the card something to hand round for comment, or merely the kind one hopes soon to forget, always make the 19th a Ross's Dry! You'll find its sparkle, delicious flavour, and "life" add zest to the remembrance of good driving, and wash away regret for the other sort.

ROSS'S Belfast Ginger Ale

TRADE MARK

Like other good things, Ross's should be always on hand when it is wanted. It is suggested, therefore, that Ross's be purchased by the dozen or in original 3 dozen cases. The larger size bottle is recommended as being the more economical for family use. A post card to Belfast will bring you the name of our nearest Agent, if your present Grocer or Wine Merchant cannot supply.

If you prefer a fuller flavour, there is Ross's "Royal" Ginger Ale—the old, *original* "Ross's Royal" with the diamond shaped label. We should like you to try both and choose for yourself.

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THAT LOVE DISCOVERY

By Blanchette *Illustrated by* HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *February* 16

DEAR COUSIN—

ABOUT this love business. Rather amusing, isn't it, a man getting up (and a Frenchman at that) and suddenly telling — not to say informing—us with all due pomp and ceremony and solemnity, of his very latest marv'lous discovery? Which is—don't faint or shriek or anything rash like that—that Love isn't What it Was.

卐

OR 'n other words, 'parently no longer, as Byron so sweetly put it—with a tender throb or quiver in that classic throat of his that he wore open to the breeze like the Golders Green young men you may see on Eastbourne

"Like the Golder's Green young men on the Eastbourne Pier"

piers and Hastings "proms" and places—no more to-day 'tis Woman's whole existence, however much it may 'tinue to be from Man's young life a thing apart, or words to that effect.

卐

WE'RE too sensible, says he. We've shared in the new spirit of freedom and all that sort of thing. So we've put Love p'litely in the background and do various (and much more bracing) forms of work or golf or crossword puzzles instead. Let the clear fresh air of the links or the tennis court blow through our shingled locks 'stead of doing a sal-volatile swoon on a sofa. And put that boring old Love that used to boss us so somewhere right in the background, what?

卐

AND very nice and pleasant too, only . . . Just a tiny little bit entertaining, is not it, this monumental and epochmaking *trouvaille* by one of our Lords and Masters of a small matter that's been more or less known to the Mat-beneath-his-feet for some quite fairish little time past. That, I mean, the love-making business isn't altogether a whole-time job, however d'lightful—and however much ('tween you and me) they'd some of 'em really rather like us to think it so.

卐

'COS, of course, you know it must've been really rather nice and soothing for 'em in the old days long ago to have it all comfortably fixed up like that. Gallant man always faring forth into the world and doing whatever he dashed well pleased. And admiring woman ever languorously lurking in the background, and just going on meekly loving and packing her husband's suitcases, or ordering his favourite savoury, or ('cording to comic papers) warming his slippers for him by the domestic hearth—which seemingly was also one of the strange and stuffy d'mestic customs of Victorian days, wearing slippers, I mean.

卐

ONLY diff'rence now really being, methinks, that we really are allowed to 'dmit that we aren't altogether and entirely without some sort of semblance of a brain. And therefore may disclose—and even permit it to be publicly discovered by those dear clever things—that we *do* know (as *per* past 10,000 years or so, only it mightn't always have done to confess it) that there's quite a lot of things going on in the world besides. . . . Oh, well, 'sides meekly warming slippers (if any) and holding hands. Not to mention, in 'streme cases, p'raps even — but there, methinks, we'll just imagine for a moment that we're a Southern Railway train and take a good long stop 'tween stations. . . .

卐

BUT it *is* rather nice to hear, you know, that we've not only changed but they act'lly know we've changed. Tho' couldn't very well help it, could they, seeing

"The really modern girl of 1925"

"Gallant man faring forth into the world . . . "

and 'sidering the advent of the really modern girl of 1925, as beheld by, f'rinstance, that modern of moderns, Viola Tree. A small sleek type of woman—emaciated, white, unrouged, with a tiny head parted in the middle, and brushed close so that it shines like a boot. . . .

卐

ANYWAY, rather a refreshing change, as aforesaid Viola remarks, after the era of naturalness, sweaters, freckles, hatlessness and ragging, what? Wan beauties being all the rage these days—and quite a relief some ways, p'raps, 'pared with the rather somewhat regrettably bright and bouncing ones of but a little while ago. Tho' have their drawbacks, of course, some ways, these very latest modes, as f'rinstance in sad case of the man whose barber cut his hair so short people mistook him for a girl . . .

卐

RATHER a contrast in *Love's Prisoner* at the Vaudeville, which is quite new, I b'lieve, but pretty well dated all the same. Handsome Harry Welchman all glitteringly got up in a sort of glittering circus uniform that they 'parently wore in the time of Waterloo, and comely Helen Gilliland with capes and poke-bonnets and so on, or take 'emselves so fearf'ly seriously they do (on the stage, I mean) that it's well nigh devastating. And must say *I* liked best of all the jolly Jack Tars

with their funny little glazed hats, and the jolly smugglers' band, specially the Chief Smuggler, who's got a voice I'd simply love to have around always to call taxis with.

And there's a 'ticular kind of dialogue they seem to reserve for musical comedy alone, so 'pletely and entirely fatuous that silence suddenly seems the world's greatest boon. Whence p'raps part of the joy of passing on thencefrom to the always welcome supper portals of the Troc and watching Mr. Cochran's (or is it Délibes') *Coppelia* being delightfully played and danced on that tiny stage, without ever even a moment's intrusion of the mere human voice. Nothing in fact to distract you but pleasant dalliance with your exquisitely perfect *sole Colbert*, or a lingering sip or two of golden, velvety Meursault.

Sort of thing so just right, it makes me feel gla-ad and sa-ad, as Phyllis Monkman puts it in *Charlot's Revue*, that they've just put on a new edition of. And that's just a sort of stage 'bodiment of modern *v.* ancient, as you might say. No lengthy old love stories with alleged comic fathers in gilded top hat and chorus of village maidens in the latest Reville or Idare gowns. Just a lot of little nice things happening one after another for no very special reason—'cept to amuse us.

"Blanchard's new cabaret"

Odd ways we have some of us here in London now, and as Phyllis Monkman sings in the aforesaid sparkling little show—

It's wonderful what the animals do . . .
Go wherever it costs a pound or two
So as not to go to bed. . . .

Which, I s'pose, is true, very true—and oh, by the way, have you heard they've reopened the old Cosmo in Wardour Street, with the long low dance room that used to be a garage, and turned it into a perfectly good night *and* day club?

Must be careful what I say, though, or p'raps like that poor girl the other day in the courts, may be sentenced never to enter a night club again. Hope, though, that I'll be allowed to go to Blanchard's again, where Albert de Courville's well-drilled cabaret chorus with a d'lightful coster number, and a nimble dancer named Jack Stanford, with the most wonderful corkscrew legs, looks like filling the *quondam* Murray's as in days of yore. And seeing the season seems to be starting, what with Parliament sitting and the Court in town, and all sorts of perfectly good and 'spectable parties being fixed up—must have *some*where to go and be just passably frivolous.

With love, yours ever, Blanchette

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SIX CYLINDER

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The great National need to-day is Stability and our business needs are very similar. Much of BUICK success has been due to the fact that BUICK traditions have been built up on a policy of stability.

BUICK leadership has been bold—remember overhead valves, electric lighting and starting, four-wheel brakes, low pressure tyres and light six-cylinder design. But BUICK leadership has always been safe—because every innovation has been searchingly tested before it was incorporated in the BUICK Car. Every BUICK innovation has persisted. Hence when BUICK announces an innovation, it is at once accepted as a new milestone in motor-car design. These factors maintain Stability.

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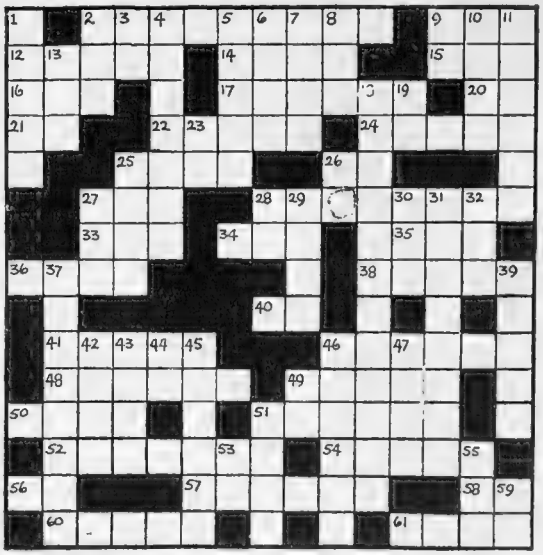
MAINLY THEATRICAL

"The Bystander" Cross-Word Puzzle Competition

HERE is the second of our Cross-word Puzzles by "Jingle," built on theatrical lines—and squares. As was the case last week, we are offering **Five Prizes of ONE GUINEA each for the First Five Correct Solutions Opened.**

Please write your solution in ink, as well as your name and address in the space below the puzzle. Cut out the puzzle and your name and address, and let us have it before the first post on Monday morning (February 23). The envelope (marked "Cross-words" on the outside) should be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, TALLIS STREET, E.C.4. The Editor's decision is final.

We hope to print the solution of our first puzzle and the names of the five winners in our next issue.



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 2

Name.....

Address.....

CLUES:

ACROSS

2. For the tragedian's overcoat.
9. The lady's companion.
12. Happen.
14. Actual.
15. Small (Scotch!)
16. Disjunctive.
17. Before "going on."
20. Preposition
21. Where the prompter isn't (abbrev.).
22. Eyeball (see several dictionaries).
24. The hue of the beast (French).
25. The coveted place.
26. Very short for Editor.
27. Offer.
28. What the Lord Chamberlain does.
33. Bishop's See in Cambridgeshire.
34. Fur and feather.
35. The part.
36. Actor after whom London theatre is named.
38. Top of the bills.
40. Flat refusal.
41. Winter quarters doubtful.
46. Seaside Thespian.
48. The touring actor.
49. What Sybil called her "sister" in "The Lie."
50. Famous actress.
51. Cloak that hides.
52. The soul of things.
54. Song of triumph.
56. Before the audience.
57. What small boy does to his neck at first pantomime.
58. Disrespectful way of drawing attention.
60. Famous comedian (Victorian).
61. Elinor.

DOWN

1. The artificial man.
2. What the other lady *thinks* she can do.
3. Sailors' Union (Abbrev.).
4. Highest form of drama.
5. Ready for the fray.
6. Famous actor of past times.
7. To loiter.
8. The cup that really cheers.
9. Where the prompter is (abbrev.).
10. That famous tentmaker.
11. What good little actresses bring with them.
13. For the wine of romance.
18. Awaiting their chance.
19. That Italian river.
23. Expression of surprise.
25. Think of Jersey.
26. In the City.
27. —and the Dragon (Apocrypha).
28. Behold!
29. Who made Othello jealous?
30. Negative.
31. Willie.
32. Ever (poetic).
37. What actors seldom are.
39. They daren't—even in Revue!
42. Usual result of theatrical enterprise.
43. That fatal day of March.
44. *Exempli gratiâ.*
45. A sitting.
46. A full toast.
47. Quality of a good head (Latin).
49. Reminiscent of Jennie Lee.
51. *The* producer.
53. *Carolus Rex* (abbr.).
55. Unnoticed characteristic of great actors.
59. Preposition.

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BY STAN TERRY

A DEAR LITTLE "DICKEY" BIRD

FEMINA

ABOUT BEAUTY

By "CANDIDA"

WE'RE still immersed in the good, old traditions in spite of much valiant effort to be very brilliant and unusual and unexpected. For instance, it's been impressed on us all our lives that beauty is all that matters in a woman; it's her first duty, also her last, though it's pretty obvious that in the world as it is to-day mere decoration doesn't count for very much. Art has grasped the idea very successfully. No one who values his reputation as an artist ever paints a pretty woman nowadays, or if he does she comes out so full of character that there's no room for mere good looks. And music? Heaven knows that it's not beauty of melody that the moderns are after. Only our writers lag behind. Even our latests and bests who write about "green hats" and silk stockings haven't the courage of the new opinions. Vicious their women may be (it takes all sorts to make a world, you know) but beautiful they must be because beauty and temptation unresisted always go together; if they didn't there would be no story.

IT'S obvious that even the clever young men who write intriguing books don't know everything about women. They're as new as you please about everything except in the important matter of how *she* looked, and what sort of a nose and eyes the good God had given her. She may be all things except plain, that is, if you are aiming at a best-seller—subconsciously, of course. Is it altogether vulgar to appreciate appreciation? But I don't believe that her good looks are always the poor writer's fault. The public *will* have it that way, and what are you to do if you want to be read?

IF you look about the world and aren't bothering with things as they ought to be, or rather as men invented them, and therefore think they ought to be, you'll find that (1) there's precious little real beauty about (as there never was), and (2) that there's no downright ugliness either. And yet there's no levelling down to a dreadful mediocrity. The fact is that with fashions as they are there's no need to keep up the tiresome and expensive pretence of being beautiful. Why have lovely hair now that Godiva is a back number, and all that you're allowed is a few wisps in front and nothing at all behind? What's the point of perfect features when they're all engulfed under one's latest Paris hat which, for all its insignificant size, is the most encroaching thing I've ever met? Between it and the gigantic collar they've added to the last word in coats, there's nothing to be seen but the tip of a well-powdered nose, and, sometimes, a mouth, a sort of anonymous mouth, because everybody uses a lip-stick, so that one mouth is exactly like any other mouth. As for curves, or the other thing, now that all the well-bred clothes bag on you irrespectively of your anatomy there's precious little difference between Venus and a bag of bones. If anything, the bag of bones has the best of it. Legs still matter, of course, when there is so much silk stocking about, but was anyone ever known to build up a reputation for beauty on nothing more solid than legs?

THESE are the facts, but the world goes on romancing just as usual, romancing about beauty and love, love which you'll notice was the child of beauty, or so they said even in the ancientest of days. The moral is obvious. Only beautiful women inspire love, and it's wonderful how we can go on believing this and writing about it when the facts are all the other way. Most of the "beautiful," famous women, the *grandes amoureuses*, so admired and adored in their generation, the women who twiddled statesmen round their little fingers and changed the policies of a hundred kings, were—well, anything but beautiful, if their pictures are anything to go by. They leave me cold, those portraits of the fascinating Mary Stuart, the mysterious, and distinctly buxom, *Joconde*, the stately Pompadour; one gazes at them and wonders what sort of a figure they'd have cut in a photograph.

THEY say that standards of beauty alter, though beauty is eternal; which means that no one knows exactly what it is, although it's always easy to see what it is not. If there was no beauty in the famous "beauties," what was it that made one forgive and forget the absence of it? I wish our clever young men would devote their talents to telling us instead of wasting time on the colour of her hair and the look in her wonderful eyes, etc., etc. It isn't proportion, it isn't colour; but it's easy, as I've said before, to insist on what it isn't. When it's there, nothing else matters, and when it isn't there, it doesn't matter what there is. Anatole France says somewhere that if Cleopatra's nose had been an inch longer it would have changed the history of the world. Had he given the matter a moment's thought, and not just turned a neat and amusing phrase he would have realised that Cleopatra made too much of a stir in the world to have been handsome. For if all the plain women one meets are not charmers, it seems to me that most of the great charmers of the world were plain—plus something. What?

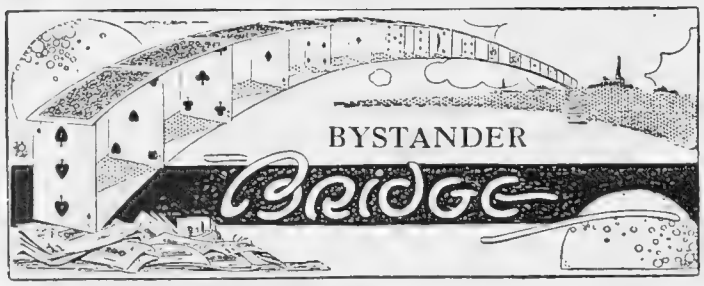
Stage Photo Co.

ANOTHER CROSS WORD AFFAIR

A slight tiff in progress between a young lady and gentleman who will doubtless know better when they grow up. The couple in question are Laddie Cliff and Phyllis Monkman in one of the scenes in "Charlot's Revue" at the Prince of Wales Theatre

"WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE" *Stage Photo Co.*

A dramatic scene from "The Pelican" at the Ambassadors Theatre. Wanda Heriot (Miss Josephine Victor) is seen greeting her son Robin (Robert Andrews) on his return to her Paris flat from England, where he has acquired military ambitions which, unknown to him, were inherited from a long line of soldier forebears. Wanda's French fiancé (Nicholas Hannen) is seen on the left and her old nurse, Anna (Rosina Filippi), centre



By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

Through Strength and Up to Weakness

THAT you should lead through strength and up to weakness is a shibboleth with which every player past the beginner's stage is familiar. It means that if you are sitting on Dummy's right you lead through Dummy's strength, if on Dummy's left you lead up to Dummy's weakness, each player selecting suits for leading in which he is himself weak.

Here is a typical example :—

	D—A, Q, 10. C—7, 6, 2.		
D—K, J, 9. C—8, 5, 3.	*Y*		D—8, 4, 3.
(Dummy)	*A*	*B*	C—K, J, 9.
	Z D—7, 5, 2. C—A, Q, 10.		

Score : Game all. A, B 20 in rubber game. B is playing the game in a call of " one Heart," and has made six tricks. Z has taken the seventh trick and now leads. If Z and Y play properly they make the rest. Z leads 7 of Diamonds, Y wins, and leads 7 of Clubs. So long as Y and Z lead through strength and up to weakness they must defeat the contract.

. . . . .

This I admit is elementary, and when you see all four hands is ridiculously easy, but in actual play I have often known the thing missed because players are often in such a hurry to make their winners.

But there is more in the rule than is shown in this very patent example. There is a corollary attached to it. Lead through strength and up to weakness in any suit only as long as your partner requires your help in that suit, then change to the suit in which your partner may next require your help. This happens frequently when playing against a suit declaration. You have led up to Dummy's weakness, and your partner has made the trick with the King. He may or may not have the Ace. If he leads another suit and puts you in, try him for yet another suit in which Dummy is weak. He does not require your help to make his Ace if he has it, but he may require your help to make a King or a Queen. The principle is that when your partner is marked with the master card of a suit, he does not need your assistance to make it. Therefore, try him in another suit.

. . . . .

Of course, this principle, like most others in Bridge, has its exceptions. Where it is a question of saving the game, and where declarer may get discards of losing cards, it is right to make all the tricks you can as quickly as you can. But where from the situation and play of the cards it is obvious this is not the case, this rule should be observed. Its imperfect appreciation is a constant cause of the loss of tricks. Your partner is in such a hurry for you to make a trick with which you are marked, that he puts you into the lead and you have to lead away from a suit headed by K, J, in which you would have made a trick if he had led it.

. . . . .

A point that is often missed is that it is frequently good to lead up to an Ace in Dummy when the Ace is accompanied only by small cards. Thus : it is your lead. You hold 10, 5, 3 of Clubs. In Dummy are A, 6, 4, 2. The lead of the 10 may be very useful. Suppose your partner holds K, J, 8, it may enable him to make two tricks in the suit. In any case leading up to an Ace and small ones seldom does any harm, and often means getting rid of the Ace cheaply. And yet many players are afraid to do it. It is different where Dummy holds a guarded King. To lead up to this is generally a mistake. If your partner has the Ace he must establish the King, whereas if you don't lead the suit, declarer is left in doubt as to where the Ace lies, and he may not make his King at all. The worst lead you can make as a rule is to lead up to Dummy's guarded Queen when you hold A, J, and others of the suit. Unless your partner has the King it means that declarer will win two tricks in the suit where he might only make one if you do not lead it. When you lead up to Dummy's weakness, lead if possible a card higher than the highest held in Dummy. It may help your partner and embarrass declarer.

. . . . .

Leading through strength sounds simple enough, but there are a few points about it which are sometimes overlooked. When Dummy has a solid suit, it may be well rather than to lead from a guarded King or Queen suit, to throw the lead into Dummy in preference to leading up to the unknown. But with broken strength in Dummy (say a suit headed by K, J, or K, 10) it is often wise to lead through it and give your partner a chance. But beware of leading through a long suit in Dummy which can be established with the loss of a single trick, unless Dummy has no other cards of re-entry. Then it may be profitable to *kill* the suit at an early stage. Thus, in Dummy are C—A, Q, J, 10, 8, 5. You hold three little ones. You suspect your partner holds King. It is most dangerous to lead the suit if Dummy has one or more cards of re-entry as, when trumps are drawn, the suit may all be good.

. . . . .

Many players have an idea that it is necessary and right to return their partner's lead as soon as they get in. Playing against a suit declaration this is an erroneous notion. Unless you have reason to suppose your partner has led a singleton, do not return his lead immediately. If you have an Ace, King suit of your own, show him that suit by leading out the King. Then lead up to weakness on the table. It is only in playing against a No-Trumper that you should return your partner's suit immediately, however unpromising it looks. The only exception is when you save the game in your own hand by establishing a suit of your own.

Suppose your partner has opened with the 5 of Diamonds— his fourth best. Dummy exposes A, J, 7. You hold K, 6, 3. You win with the King. Now if you return the Diamond you are going straight up to the *fourchette*, and Dummy must make both his Ace and his Jack. Nevertheless, failing a better suit in your hand, it is your duty to return your partner's suit. If he has two cards of re-entry he will be able to make his remaining Diamonds. It must, therefore, be understood that the remarks about leading up to weakness apply mainly to the suit game and not to No-Trumps. Here it may be necessary to lead up to strength. For, as a rule, every fresh suit opened by the opponents when playing against No-Trumps is of benefit to the declarer.

By Norman Keene

A SLIGHT SET-BACK AT THE TABLES — NOT IN THE CASINO

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The DOGS' DERBY

FIGURES THAT FASCINATE

By "THE KENNELMAN"

LAST week brought the Derby Day of the Dog-fancying world, when Cruft's Show at the Agricultural Hall drew the Dogs of Britain together in a thousand competitions, and a most democratic fore-gathering of their human friends, from Mayfair and Mile End, including duchesses and gamekeepers' daughters, dukes, and — "The Kennelman." Now, when all breeds are booming, it would be interesting to know just how many recruits are drawn into the happy circle of Dog-keepers by one of these mammoth *tamashas*.

Those who study doggy interests are indebted the year round to the Kennel Club, the *Kennel Gazette*, and to Mr. H. T. W. Bowell, secretary and editor. Always a stand-by, the Club and the *Gazette* have never been so practically helpful, so justly appreciated, as in the past year or two, and now we owe the journal special thanks for its invaluable tabulation (January issue) of last year's comparative Dog statistics.

Exhilarating as were the figures for 1923, in showing the wonderful progress made since the War, it is delightful to find that (as was prophesied in these Notes before the close of the year) those of 1924 leave them easily in the shade; not alone in the matter of the increase (some 8,000) in registrations of pedigree Dogs, but in the very welcome progress made even in those breeds which were hardest hit by the War period; in which recovery was by many authorities regarded as improbable. Material increases are recorded in Mastiffs, Newfoundlands, Bloodhounds, St. Bernards, Great Danes, Collies, and Irish Wolfhounds, as well as in the obvious quarters—Cockers, Pekingese, Sealyhams, Cairns, Kerry Blues, Airedales, Alsatians, and the like.

"Reverend Kennelman," writes a correspondent in Switzerland, "I must rank among the more elderly of your congregation, for I was showing and breeding Dogs when THE BYSTANDER was born. Your advice and comments like me well, including recent reference to the need for care and reserve on the part of experts when they write for laymen. Well, what of the 'Canine Specialist' who writes in the *K.G.* recommending for Dogs 'a substantial meal at breakfast . . . . followed by a lighter mid-day meal, and an evening feed'; and goes on to state that the best food is biscuit or biscuit meal, indicating that this forms a complete dietary that will 'avoid unnecessary trouble arising from *a too varied diet!*' That is surely a pretty misleading sort of expertese for the layman to read."

It certainly is. True, life can be maintained in Dogs on a diet of nothing but biscuit and water—or in men, for that matter; if the biscuit's good. But it's not a rational dietary; and the "Canine Specialist" ought to have qualified his statement, or left it out. Also it is doubtful if there are half-a-dozen knowledgeable Dog fanciers in Britain who would permit three daily meals for full-grown Dogs, in health. Two are ample; one square meal and a snack, better; and the food given should contain *as much of flesh* as of biscuit and other starchy matter. The article in question is too jejune to be worth its place in the *Gazette's* authoritative pages, but the break is doubtless due rather to carelessness than lack of knowledge. Want of space, too, frequently causes the expert to mislead the layman; for condensed generalisation can be the very devil.

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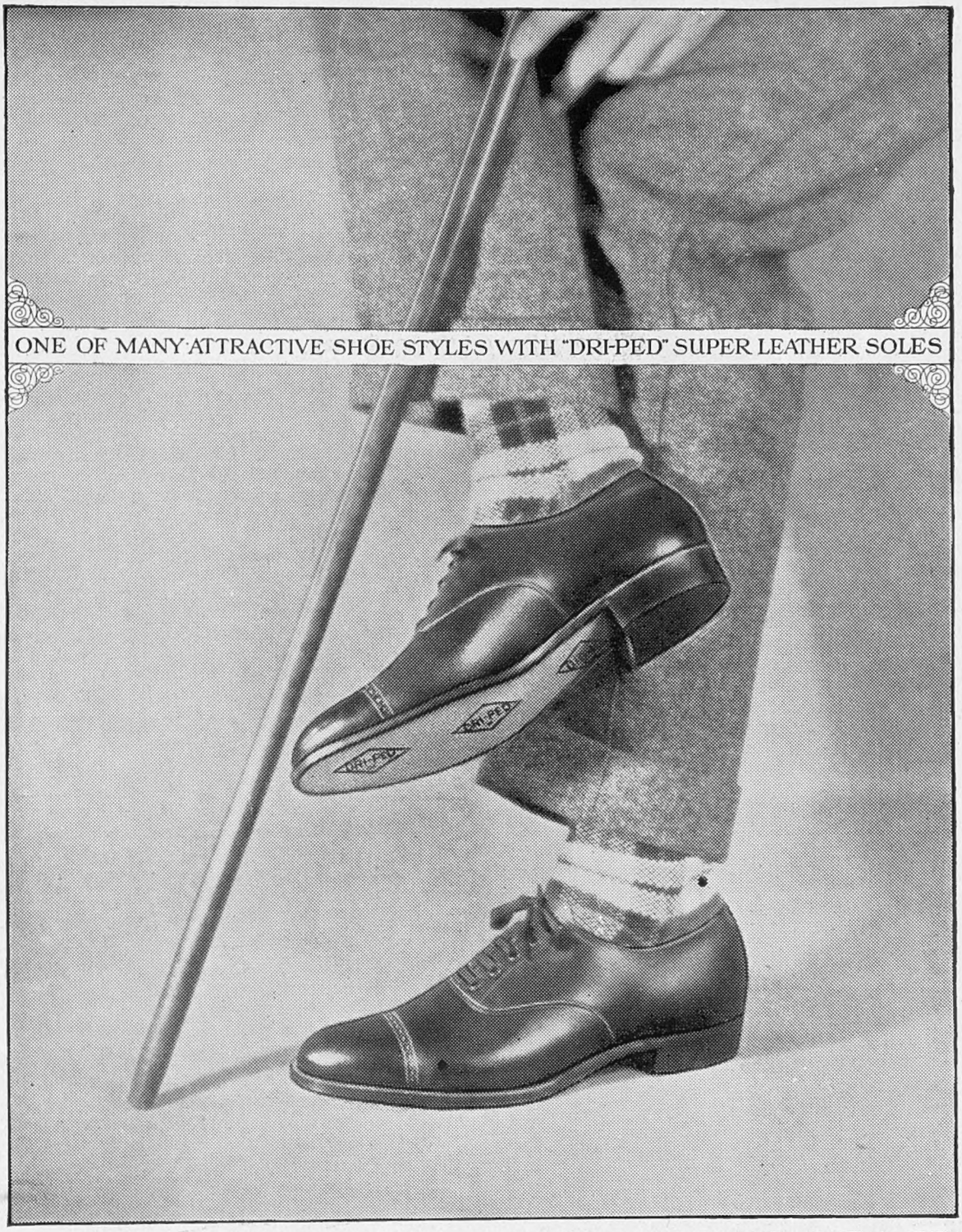

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

When Mr. Aldous Huxley wrote *Antic Hay*, there were people who called it the book of the year, and people who wondered how anybody could write so much unpleasant nonsense. With the publication of *Those Barren Leaves* (Chatto and Windus: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) I am inclined to think that he has written a book of real importance. You may dislike it—some of its passages may bring a frown of disapproval to your forehead—and you may demand to know where "the story" has gone to; but to my mind there is no doubt whatever that the book is a real work of art and intensely interesting throughout.

⁂

It may be argued that there is a certain lack of form about it; the whole thing is a trifle uncouth. It may be said that the little coterie of people who are gathered together in Mrs. Aldwinkle's Italian palace do nothing but talk, and talk like nobody ever did talk outside Mr. Huxley's own circle of acquaintances. Yet I doubt whether anybody can fail to be delighted at one time or another with these people who are all searching so diligently (and so fantastically) for that *something* which will make life for them a little less of an unkind enigma than it is. You cannot forget them—Mrs. Aldwinkle herself, always afraid lest she may be missing something important; Miss Thriplow, the novelist, for ever endeavouring to "register" the correct emotion; Calamy and Cardan and Chelifer, an amazing trio; and young Lord Hevenden whose courage rises with the speed of his car. They are all good to meet. It is a long book—some readers may find it too long—but it is a work of real distinction, which cannot possibly be overlooked when the novels of the year come to be reviewed.

CAPTAIN P. C. WREN

Whose latest book, *Beau Geste*, was recently reviewed in these pages. Captain Wren enjoyed the dubious distinction of seeing his own death reported some weeks ago

For the past eighty years the novelists have been busily inventing strange monsters whose aim it is to bring our stricken world to an untimely end. Martians have visited us, but whether they have been made of Wellsian jelly, or menlike folk with an extra limb or two thrown in, they have never been friendly. Prehistoric reptiles in the same way have always done their slimy worst. And so it is with Mr. H. M. Egbert's submarine fiends, about whom he tells us in *The Sea Demons* (Long: 7*s.* 6*d.* net).

⁂

I doubt whether anybody has ever invented such an unpleasant race of creatures. To begin with, they are invisible until they die. Then they can turn sea-water into quite breathable air. Like bees they have their Queen. And they are hungry: very hungry indeed. Having tasted human flesh, moreover, they emulate Oliver, with unfortunate results. But just as Mr. Wells's Martians could not fight against our bacteria, so Mr. Egbert's invisible devils cannot face certain musical notes, and when a gallant sailor discovers this important fact, the world is saved for a little while longer. It is a nightmare of a story, but good of its kind. The author finds himself in a tight corner now and then, but manages to emerge (like his hero) with credit; and if he is sometimes a little too fantastic, what matter? I fancy, however, that he was ill-advised to date his story in the war years.

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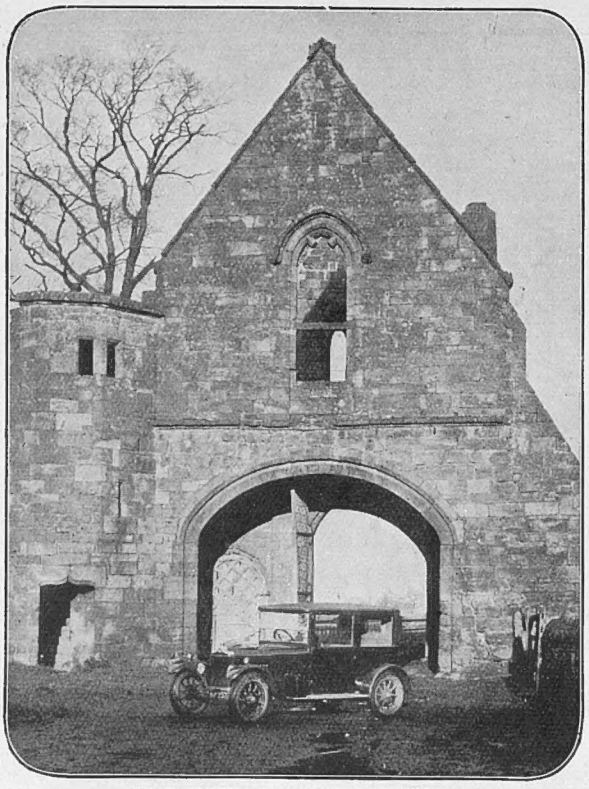
What does the
MORNING POST
say about it?

MOTOR NOTES

BY GEORGE C. STEAD



WAY DOWN IN WARWICKSHIRE

A picturesque view of Maxstoke Priory, Warwickshire, with an 11 h.p. "Piccadilly" saloon Standard in the foreground

DURING 1924 nearly 1¼ million motor-cars were registered in Great Britain. Of these, over 474,000 were cars taxed according to horse-power, or in other words, private cars such as you and I use. The number of motor-cycles was over 440,000, or less than the number of cars. This is a reversal of the figures for 1923 when there were nearly 10,000 more cycles than cars. In 1924 the cars exceeded the cycles by 34,000 approximately. Now we know why the roads are so crowded, and we can also guess why the number of cars has increased so greatly. The reductions in prices which have taken place, and the very wide and spreading popularity of the 11.9 h.p. car are but two of the reasons for this very notable increase.

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IT is practically certain that many more cars will be in use during 1925, judging from the reports from manufacturers and agents. Although every effort is being made to push forward road construction and improvement schemes as quickly as possible, I am very much afraid that in the coming season we shall see the roads very heavily congested. This notable increase in the number of cars registered shows that there is a large number of new owners coming on the road. To many of them it is their first experience of motor-car owning, and of driving on the public highways. Many of these new owners drive extremely well, but certain of their number have not taken the trouble to learn the rules of the road, and are therefore inclined to cause congestion or indecision on the part of other traffic. However, as the prophets say that we are going to have a fine summer, every driver should have an opportunity of perfecting himself in the art!

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ONE of the chief objections to the normal type of all-weather body is that when the hood is erected and the celluloid side panels are in place, a large number of "blind spots" occur where the edgings of the panels join. Particularly after dark and in wet weather, it is very difficult to see out of the car except through the glass screen forward. I have recently tried a car in which practically all these objections have been overcome. The car in question is the 11 h.p. Hillman, and the striking feature of the Hillman all-weather equipment is that the outlook from the car is better even than in most coach-built saloons with glass windows.

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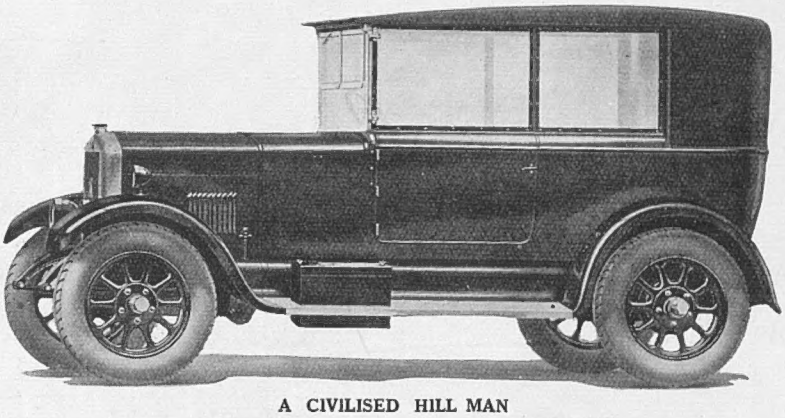
IN the first place the Hillman side panels are edged with very narrow metal beading, leaving a much greater area available for the transparent material. Secondly, the material itself is much thicker than usual, and gives a very high degree of transparency. Only four side panels are employed, giving a very wide area of illumination. Further, the two front panels can be set out on little distance pieces to allow the maximum of ventilation without causing draughts or allowing rain to enter. The upper part of the front screen is in two sections so that the one in front of the passenger can be kept closed, should the driver require greater visibility for himself.



A CIVILISED HILL MAN

The 11 h.p. Hillman Four/Five Seater Car, which, if there is anything in a name, should be an excellent machine on steep gradients. Its cost is £335

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THE comfort provided by the Hillman body is of a very high order. The car has obviously been designed for the owner-driver who intends to look after the car himself, and who requires the maximum of comfort and protection both when the car is open and closed. When the car is used as an open tourer the two rear side panels can be swung together on special fittings so as to give a most efficient rear screen for the occupants of the back seat. The driver's seat is instantly adjustable so that the owner can secure the maximum of comfort. Access to the rear seats is afforded by tipping up the front passenger's seat, but this seat when in position gives as much comfort as if it was a fixture. The Hillman is comfortable in its running, exceptionally sweet in its performance, and is very economical. It is a straightforward job which should make a strong appeal to those who place comfort, convenience, and economy in the forefront of their demands.

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IN the early days of motoring most of the pioneers of British motoring endeavoured to get from Land's End to John o'Groats as quickly as possible, but nowadays, far more difficult trips have to be undertaken in order to demonstrate the reliability of the motor-car. It would appear that the most popular cross-country trip at the moment is that from Port Darwin in Northern Australia to Adelaide in the South. The first trip was effected by a 14 h.p. Bean, and one of the members of the crew decided to do it again. On his second journey he drove a six-cylinder Oldsmobile, and his endeavour was to make the journey as quickly as possible. He covered the distance of 2,091 miles in nine days, nine hours, fifteen minutes, and over this distance he used exactly 100 gallons of Shell motor spirit, giving an average consumption of 20.91 miles per gallon.

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FOR the purpose of this Trans-Australian journey his supply of Shell oil and motor spirit had to be sent on months in advance, the means of transport being chiefly camel teams. At each depot, or *cache*, the motor spirit had to be buried three or four feet under the earth to reduce evaporation as much as possible. Mr. Francis Birtles, the explorer, drove for practically twenty hours a day throughout the journey, through blistering heat by day and through extreme cold at night. In many places the grass was ten feet high, and for miles at a time 10 m.p.h. was the limit of speed, owing to various obstacles such as tree stumps, ants' nests and wash-outs hidden in the long grass.

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READERS who follow steeplechasing will have been interested to see that the winner of the Derbyshire Handicap Steeplechase at Derby on Monday, February 9, was named "Darracq," a fact attributable to its being owned by Major Felix Samson, a director of Warwick Wright, Ltd. "Darracq" was trained by Mr. Percy Woodland, a Darracq owner, who, in congratulating Major Samson, said he thought that it was up to the stable to do something, Darracq cars not having won anything of real importance since the Montlhéry meeting of October last.